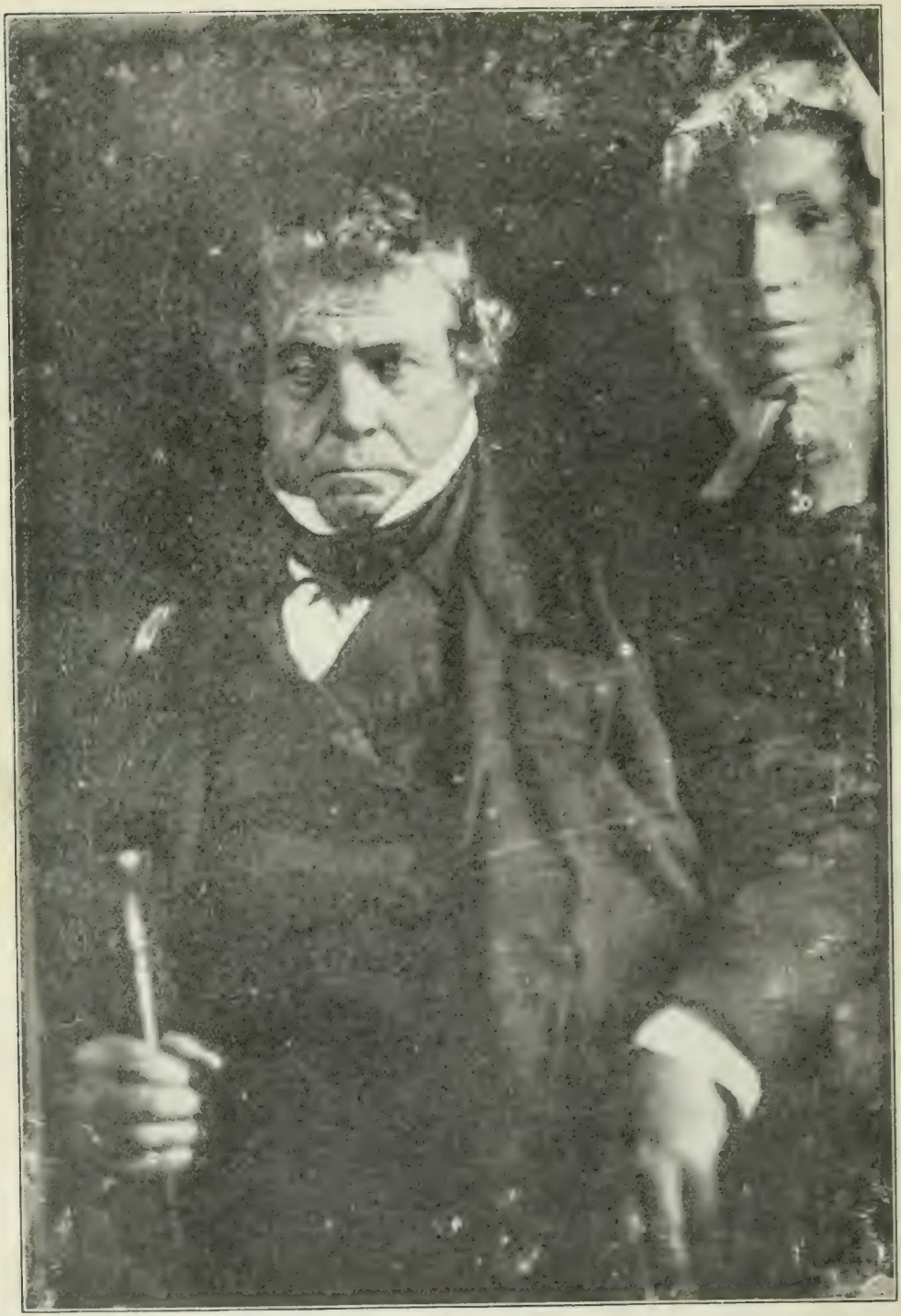
THE CRYING IN THE NIGHT

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

IN DEPTHS of sleep I sunk my weary soul.
Yet, murmuring through light dreams, I ever heard
A low soft crooning, as the baby stirred.

It lulled me also, lying by her side,
Till came a night, instinct with human dread,
When silence waked me, lest the babe were dead.

And now, when leaden-footed fall the hours,
And fitful sleep has fled me, then I wake
To hear a sobbing cry, as when hearts break.



AN OLD FAMILY DAGUERREOTYPE OF DONALD MACKENZIE, WITH HIS WIFE AT HIS SHOULDER, SHOWS A MAN FAR PAST HIS PRIME, BUT WITH THE STURDY SPIRIT OF THE ORGANIZER AND FIGHTER IN HIS EYES

To accompany "The Last Days of Donald Mackenzie" See page 93

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The Firing of Bo

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE western company of "The Girls of London Town" waited before daybreak in the station at North Crossing for the Inland Limited which was three hours and twenty minutes late. In order to fully appreciate this you have to be a member of a number two company which has played six months of one night stands. However, you can get something the same effect by going to bed at one o'clock after a hard day's work and then getting up at four, dressing in ten minutes, smoking a strong pipe and then waiting around out of doors in a cold rain until eight o'clock before you get your breakfast. "'Tis a gay life trouping," as O'Callahan, the boss carpenter, said, "and there's hamlets on the map never dreamed of in Shakespeare's philosophy."

At last the long train staggered in like a gouty centipede and the company's car was discovered in a switchyard and hitched on. The various men in the company picked up their own grips and those of the particular "Girl of London Town" to whom each was just then devoted, and sorted themselves out over the red plush seats of the chair car.

"Why, Sylvia," said one chorus girl to another, "you haven't taken your make-up off."

"No, I slept with it on last night; it's lots warmer. Try it some time. Me for a nap." Forthwith she curled herself up on a seat with a suitcase for a pillow and dropped off into a childish slumber.

Miss Bessler, the comedienne, eyed her enviously. She was too stout to curl up on anything short of a very grand piano. "Gee, I wish we were playing long runs instead of long jumps," she yawned, "then maybe I could get some sleep. Where's the diner?"

"They ain't no diner on this train," volunteered a brakeman passing through. "You can't get breakfast till we get to Harvey."

"Is there such a town?" queried Miss Bessler.

"Sure," said the stage manager.

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"That's where we play to-night. It's only seventy-five miles up the road."

"Have they got an opry house or do we exhibit in the roller skating rink as usual ?" inquired the stout lady.

"I remember Harvey," broke in the tenor, Mr. Wetherby, "I played there once in '96. Worst hotel there is in the state."

"Oh no, the worst hotel is the Palace House at North Crossing," protested Miss Bessler.

"Where's North Crossing ?"

"Why that's North Crossing where we played last night," she answered.

"I didn't notice the name of the town."

"It's the place where Buffalo Bill started from."

"I'll bet he never came back." The tenor, who had acquired a fatal reputation for beauty by playing Lord Fauntleroy as a child, spread a handkerchief over the back of a car seat and holding his cane in his gloved hands leaned back his head and closed his eyes.

At the other end of the car several poker games were in full swing,—from a dollar limit game for the manager, comedian, juvenile and property man, who was a true sport on a small salary, down to a penny ante game in which even the chorus girls might participate.

The owner of the show, who had joined the company the night before, looked on at the big game until "Props" had been cleaned out of his salary for three weeks to come. Then he broke in: "Boys, what was the matter of the show last night?"

The manager of the show laid down his hand. "I'll tell you, boss; it was an awful cold town. You always see the show under unfavorable conditions. You should have come on to Cheyenne; we put their eye out there."

"Yes, I notice you always give a great performance some time when I don't see it. There's only one thing to be said, the show is in bad shape. Everybody is letting down in their work. Even the property man failed to fire off the shot gun in the second act when the explosion was supposed to occur off stage." Turning to Props, "What was the matter with you? I suppose you are going to tell me I ought to have seen you in Medicine Hat or Fort Collins."

Props shifted his feet on the floor and his cigar to the other side of his mouth. "The only reason you didn't hear that gun last night was because they gave me smokeless powder shells at the store, and as you know, they don't make any noise." He waited to see how this took with the owner. Fortunately he, the owner, didn't know much about explosives and the excuse got by. It wasn't for nothing that Props had been called by the company "the best property man in America, bar none." He had been property man with Mansfield once and the only reason he resigned his position was because he fell over a tin pail off stage once during the last act of "Beau Brummel."

"And say," snapped the owner, looking at a bundle of notes he had taken during the performance the previous evening, "who is that blacksmith who is playing the policeman ? He's the worst actor in the world and I've seen Corse Peyton. He must be fired at once."

"Gee, no, you can't fire Bo," protested the manager.

"Why not ?"

"He owes money to everybody in the company," he explained, "besides I have advanced him fifty dollars on his salary. You can't fire Bo."

"Please don't fire him till I get that ten he owes me," begged Props.

"Who hired him anyway ?" asked the owner.

"Why, you did yourself, Jim," answered the manager. "Don't you remember ? He is an ex-pug and you said he'd be a wonder as a policeman. He was when he started. You ought to have seen him in——"

"Yes, I know. I should have seen him in Red Wing or Idaho Springs. I always miss anything good. I say the man can't act."

"Well," said the stage manager, "maybe he can't act much but he can lick any stage hand west of the Mississippi."

"What's the matter with him now, —drink ?"

"Well he does drink a little, Jim, but

he's so cheerful and accommodating that everybody likes him and we'd hate to see him go." The manager really meant what he said. "I'll tell you what,—you give him a good talking to—but let him off this time. I'm sure he'll do better. I'll send for him."

The assistant stage manager was despatched to unearth Bo and send him forward. "Bo," of course, wasn't his real name but it had sort of gravitated to him because that was what he called people when he first met them.

It was quite a while before the assistant stage manager returned because he looked all through the car and then in the baggage car ahead. He came back shaking his head. "Bo missed the train."

The manager was stunned. "Missed the train," he yelled. "Confound that freckle faced, wall-eyed dub,—there isn't another train to Harvey before midnight. He can't get there. Who is his understudy?"

The assistant stage manager thought a minute. "Pearsons was understudying that part but you fired him last week."

"Who can we get to learn it before night? We're in a fine mess,—great advance sale in Harvey too. Who will play the part?"

"I will," announced the owner of the show. He didn't tear off his coat and spring into the middle of the stage with a pair of leveled revolvers in his hands but that was the way he said it. "It's a cinch to play a part like that."

"I MADE UP MY MIND A LONG TIME AGO, JIM, THAT I WOULDN'T MARRY AN ACTOR," SHE ADMITTED

"Did you ever act, Jim?" inquired the manager cautiously.

"No, but I know I can do better than this ringer you had doing it last night."

"All right then," said the manager with a sigh. "You own the show and if you want to act in it I guess there ain't any dramatic critic in Harvey that can stop you. You don't look any like a policeman, though."

"Thank Heaven for that," said Jim fervently. "Call a rehearsal for me as soon as we get in. Now give me the part and I'll learn the lines."

Somebody dug up a thumbed copy of the part and Jim buried himself in it while the assistant stage manager went through the car waking up the weary actors and telling them about the rehearsal.

"I won't come to a rehearsal, so there," said the soubrette crossly. "Who called it anyway?"

"Sh," warned the assistant, "it's for his knobs himself,—he's going to play Bo's part to-night."

"Oh,—if the boss called it, I suppose I've got to come. I wish he'd stay home and not come on to bother us."

"You know why he came, don't you?" queried the fat comedienne sweetly.

"No, why?"

"He's crazy about Violet Braemer, our prima donna. Sure, I got wise to that last time he came to the show. He told her he was going to build her a theatre on Broadway," said Miss Bessler.

"That's the only way some people will ever get on Broadway,—especially if they're working for Jim Salisbury." The soubrette got out her powder puff and dabbed savagely at her nose and cheeks.

"What's the matter with Jim Salisbury?" demanded the fat girl. "I think he's fine."

"He's fine enough, all right, but he's in wrong with the syndicate. In the first place his name ought to be Salisburg instead of '-bury'—see? Do you think he'd be playing all these tanks with a big show like this if he stood very ace with Mr. Erlanger? Nix! We've played some towns so

"PROPS" VOLUNTEERED TO FIND HIM, AND WITH THE IMAGE OF THE TEN DOLLARS "BO" OWED HIM LEADING HIM ON, HE FARED FORTH

small that we would have passed right by and never seen 'em if a freight car had stood in front of 'em. Honest, this is the worst trouping I ever saw and I've played little Eva in a tent "Tom" show. If I ever saw a nice white bed in a warm room with bath I'd probably shy at it and go over the fence without touching my hands."

The fat girl sighed. "I wonder how the boss liked getting up at four o'clock this morning himself?"

"Oh he don't dare holler because he knows we've been doing it for six months." The soubrette laughed sarcastically. "Can you imagine what it would be like to go to bed and not get up till ten o'clock,—oh, dream of Heaven, don't let me wake up."

"Harvey!" yelled the brakeman.

"This is us," murmured the fat girl. "I wonder which is the best hotel here? Not that it makes much difference,—I don't suppose we get a chance to sleep anyway."

After everybody had eaten breakfast and had been sufficiently stared at by the citizens, they wearily assembled in the theater, which in this case proved to be upstairs and wasn't nearly as bad as the most pessimistic had hoped. For be it known that your true human being after enduring a certain amount of hardship seems to glory in every additional trial which is piled up on him, and to resent any alleviating circumstances. Isn't it so?

Jim Salisbury was running over the scenes in which the policeman was concerned. He imagined that he was acting and it certainly wasn't the duty of any of those to whom he was paying a salary to disillusion him. Of course that didn't prevent their gathering in giggling groups and exchanging guarded criticisms which made vitriol seem like soothing syrup.

Just as things were progressing nicely, enter Bo with two companions. One wore a blue uniform, not police, however, and the other was clad in overalls and jumper. For the second time that day the manager of "The Girls of London Town" was stunned. "Good Heavens, where did you come from?"

The rehearsal on the stage stopped.

Bo grinned pleasantly. "I missed the train this morning."

"Yes," assented Jim who clambered over the footlights to take a hand in things, "we noticed that."

"I knew there wasn't any understudy for me," continued Bo, "so I hired a special and came on."

Jim Salisbury eyed the other two men suspiciously. "Well, I'm glad to hear that you had money enough to hire a special."

"I didn't," said Bo, "I came C.O.D. This gentleman here has the bill for

the special train. I told him you would pay it."

"Me pay for a special for you? Don't make me laugh." Jim turned away.

The man in uniform stepped forward. "One moment, please."

Jim turned on him. "Who are you, his keeper?" he demanded.

"No, I'm a conductor on the Union Pacific and I'm going to collect one hundred and fifty dollars for this special or attach your show."

"You can't do that."

"Oh, yes, I can. And what's more you'd better settle this if you expect to be hauled to the next town. The division superintendent told me to tell you that."

"All right, I'll pay it. I'll give you an order on the box office," said Jim wearily. Then he wheeled on Bo. "I'll take this out of your salary."

Bo assented. "That's all right. You can take anything you want out of my salary. I don't like to be mean. If you can get any of my salary I wish you'd give me half. You couldn't let me have ten dollars on account, could you?

"You can't have anything. You're fired," exploded the enraged owner.

"Fired?" echoed Bo blankly. "Gee, bo, you wouldn't red-light anybody in this town, would you?"

"Don't fire him," wailed Props. "He owes me ten dollars."

"You can't afford to fire him, Jim," added the manager. "He owes you too much already and you ought to make him work out this hundred and fifty."

"I——" Jim hesitated undecidedly.

"Honest, I'll promise to reform," pleaded Bo.

"Oh, please let him stay," Miss Violet Braemer interposed, turning one of her sweetest smiles so that it caught Jim between the eyes. "He has been so good to me; always carries my grips and orders my cabs. I know he'll be good,—won't you, Bo?" This last appealingly to the culprit.

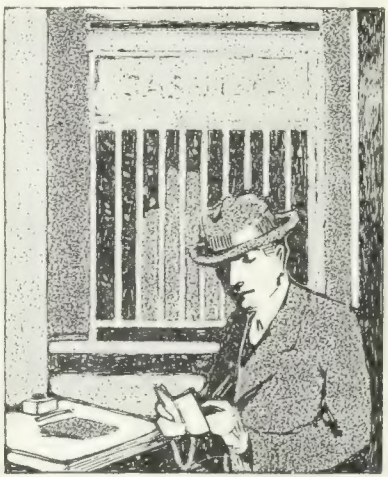
"Sure, Miss Braemer," he said huskily, but with unmistakable devotion shining in his eyes.

"Promise me you won't take a drink of whiskey for a month," she insisted.

"I promise," said Bo, virtuously. Both he and his fair advocate turned expectantly toward Jim Salisbury.

"Oh very well," he grumbled, "stay with the troupe if you want to. But wait,—I won't have anybody in my company owing everybody else. I'll advance you enough money to pay all your debts and then if I hear of you borrowing any more, out you go. How much do you owe?"

A little figuring on the part of Bo, Props, the boss carpenter and the tenor resulted in a statement that thirty-five dollars would clear his name of all outstanding obligations. Jim gave him



THE BOX-OFFICE MAN ADMITTED HAVING PAID THE MONEY OUT ON JIM SALISBURY'S ORDER

an order on the box office for that amount and told him to return with the money at once and square up with the world, after which Jim volunteered that he would show him how his part should be played.

Bo departed with the order on the box office, also with the conductor and engineer. The rest of the company sat in the orchestra chairs to await Bo's return. After they had waited several minutes it occurred to Jim that it would have been a better scheme to have given each of Bo's creditors an order on the box office rather than trust him with handling that much money. He waited five minutes more before he admitted that unless the

stairs had fallen down Bo should have returned. The stairs had not fallen down.

"Props" volunteered to find him and with the image of that ten dollars which Bo owed him, leading him on he fared forth. The box office man down stairs admitted having paid out one hundred and fifty dollars to one party and thirty-five dollars to another on Jim Salisbury's order. After leaving the window the men who received the money had chatted a moment in the lobby and had then gone down the street. "Props" made for the nearest saloon. Yes, three men had been there not ten minutes since and had divided a quart of champagne. "Props" was encouraged and with the hope of saving at least his ten out of the thirty-five he resumed his Galahad quest. Inquiries at the next bar proved baffling. Bo had not been seen. Same answer at the next. "Props" was puzzled and he sat down and drank a beer while he did a little Sherlocking. What was it criminals did when they were being followed? Doubled on their trail. That was it. Bo had gone back past the theater and into the first saloon on the other side. "Props", hot on the trail; trotted down the street. Sure enough the bartender had seen the party of three mentioned. They had bought a quart of champagne. "Props" was so elated over his detective work that he bought himself another drink. That Bo was buying quarts of champagne puzzled him a little,—he hadn't ever seen Bo drinking it before.

When "Props" left the last emporium elated with the "view hallo" as the hunters say, he found that he was standing on the corner. This left him a choice of four directions in which to continue the search. He guessed wrong three times before he picked up the scent again and by that time he had three drinks more than he was accustomed to, except on pay day. Bo seemed to have a hopeless start and worst of all at the rate he was opening champagne must have spent most of the thirty-five. But the honor of the chase impelled "Props" to plod dazedly on. After four or five more saloons were crossed off the list the idea began to dawn on the more or less clouded intellect of the pursuer that there was one hundred and fifty dollars belonging to the Union Pacific in the trio ahead which he had overlooked. This was undoubtedly being drawn on. With redoubled vigor and two more beers and a gin fizz he again put his nose to the ground; that is figuratively speaking of course, though once or twice he had to hang on to a lamp-post to keep from doing it in reality.

Even the longest search must have an end and "Props" had searched so long and through the haze of so many mixed drinks that he wasn't in the least surprised when he finally did find Bo. It is a question whether he found Bo or Bo discovered him, anyway it happened all at once. Bo was seated on a big steam roller slowly crunching down the street. From the line of talk he was handing out in a loud tone of voice to his companions, the engineer and conductor and to the crowd of admiring youngsters which was following, it was evident that the steam roller as far as Bo was concerned represented a sight seeing automobile or "rubber neck wagon."

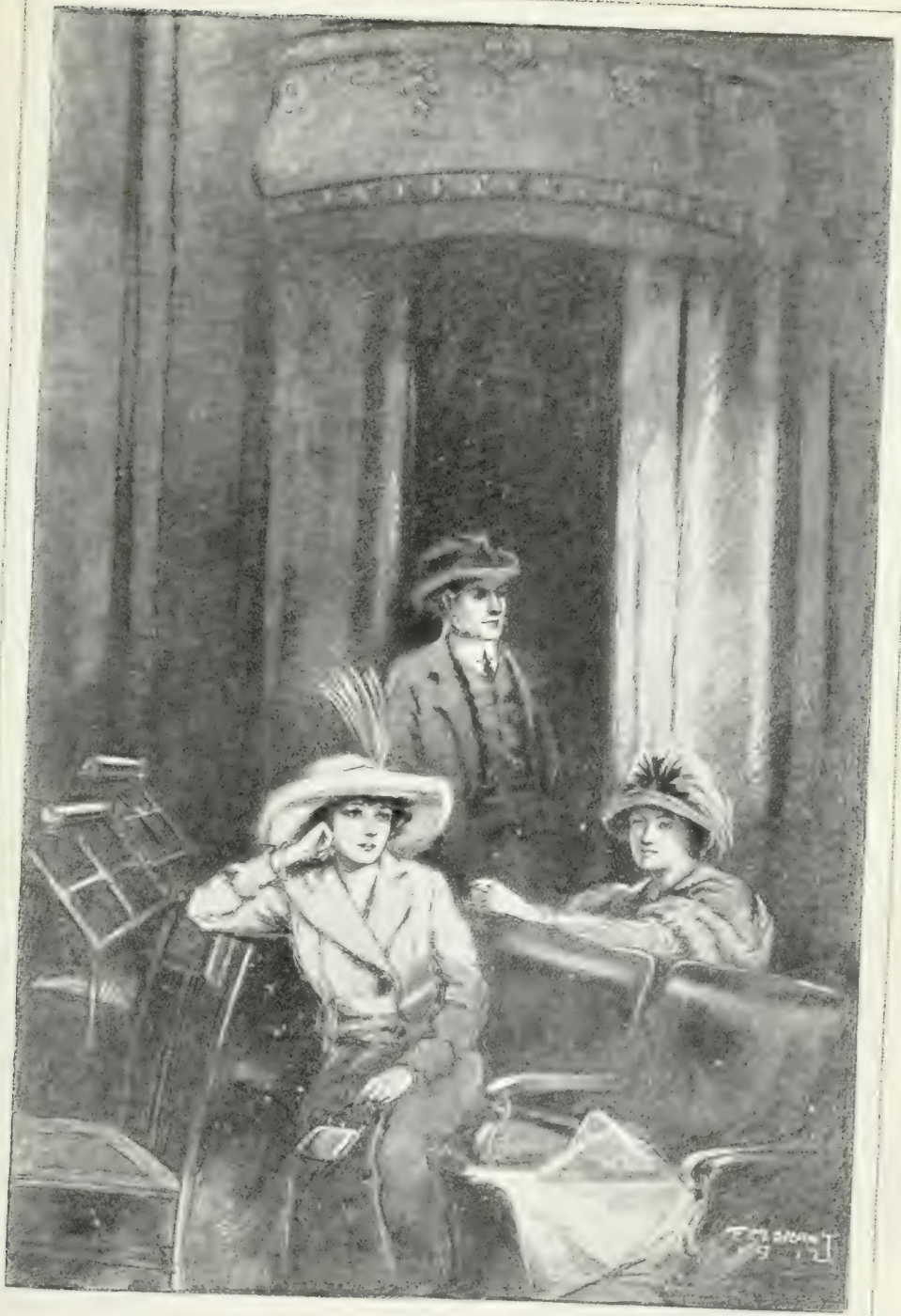
"Continuing down this beautiful boulevard," he was shouting, "on our left we have the post-office, a magnificent building erected in 1884 at the cost of three hundred forty-seven dollars. On our right we have an Indian in front of a cigar store with a hand shading his eyes, looking intently down the street,—he is looking for the man who gave him the cigar he holds in his other hand. Passing on we next have a policeman, standing in the middle of the road holding up his hand. James," this to the engineer who was presiding at the wheel, "James, you have been exceeding the speed limit."

"You're under arrest," said the constable.

"I know it," said Bo, delightedly clambering down to the ground. "I didn't think the old car could do it." Then pressing a ten dollar bill into the hand of the astonished officer, "Here's my fine."

"You'll have to go with me to jail," said the keeper of the peace dubiously.

"Delighted, I'm sure," assented Bo



"PROMISE ME YOU WON'T TAKE A DRINK OF WHISKEY FOR A MONTH," INSISTED MISS BRAEMER,
AND "BO" PROMISED, WITH UNMISTAKABLE DEVOTION
SHINING IN HIS EYES

genially. "Jump into the tonneau and I'll have my chauffeur drive us around there in a jiffy."

The constable debated a moment. "You've got to come with me."

"Exactly," said Bo, and clasping the astonished policeman's arm in a grip that made him turn pale, he helped him protestingly up into the machine. "Home, James."

The answer to this part of the story is obvious. When "Props" failed to return with the errant Bo the astute stage manager suggested to Jim Salisbury that they stroll over to the police station. Arrived there they found no record of the truants but the stage manager insisted on waiting and assured the enraged Salisbury that it was only a question of time before they would show up.

He was right.

When Bo and his companion arrived in their elegant equipage the stage manager evinced not the least surprise and advised his companion to await the grinding of the local mills of justice. The policeman entered, gently but firmly assisted by Bo who solicitously advised him to "be careful of the step, old man," as he steered him through the door.

The officer in charge of the station who was also a magistrate inquired what the trouble was.

"We're under arrest," said Bo, gravely. "Been arrested by this officer for exceeding the speed limit. Good old officer,—best friend I ever had." He pinched the policeman with all the tenderness of a playful bear.

The magistrate made a few inquiries of the uncomfortable policeman and then snapped out, "Drunk and disorderly; ten dollars apiece and costs."

It developed that the engineer and conductor had enough money left to pay their fine and depart. The stage manager suggested that Salisbury pay the fine for "Props" and get him out as they needed him for the performance. While this was being done Bo said never a word but, still hanging on to his blue-coated friend, looked unspeakable reproaches at his employer. When he started to leave without addressing one word to the culprit, Bo asked plaintively, "You ain't going to go away and leave me here in the penitentiary all alone, are you ?"

The manager looked him over coldly. "It will do you good. You don't belong to the company any more. You're fired. You promised not to take a drink of whiskey for a month."

"Didn't take a drink of whiskey. All I had was champagne. Never had a drop of whiskey. Ain't going to for a month,—promised Miss Braemer I wouldn't. Best friend I ever had, Miss Braemer."

"Lock him up, Donovan," commanded the magistrate.

How Donovan was to do this was not apparent to anyone. If Bo had been commanded to lock up Donovan the matter would have been much simpler. As it was Bo appeared to be anchored to the floor and when the officer started toward the cells in the rear of the station Bo drew him tenderly back. "I don't want to stay in jail all alone. I'm the most sociable fellow you ever saw,—like lots of company. Tell you what,—I'll stay if Donovan will stay with me,—best friend I ever had,—just like Damon and that other fellow,—can't bear to be separated."

"Better get some assistance to handle him," suggested Salisbury. "Call in the other officers."

"This is the only one there is," said the magistrate. "Harvey is a small town and we can't afford a large police force."

"Don't apologize," said Bo, "the police force is all right,—best friend I ever had. Come on, Donovan, we got to lock ourselves up for exceeding the speed limit."

He gravely marched the unwilling policeman over to one of the empty cells and closed the door after them. It locked automatically.

"Help !" yelled Donovan. "Get me out of this."

"Where's the key ?" asked the magistrate.

"I've got it," replied the officer, bringing it up out of his pocket.

Again he had reckoned without his host. Bo seized the key and took it from the dazed policeman's hand.

"Naughty, naughty," he admonished, slapping him gently on the wrist.

"He's safe for a while," said the stage manager. "Let's go back to the theatre and leave the police force to handle their own troubles." With which they left Bo apparently in charge of the situation.

The "Girls of London Town" gave a sort of a performance that evening, with the owner playing Bo's part in a frightened, hushed voice which left the audience in the dark as to what he was saying. He had one consolation, however. At the conclusion of the opera he noticed that the prima donna appeared with a diamond ring on her engagement finger that he had been begging her to wear for a long time.

He went to her as soon as the curtain was down. "Thanks awfully, dear," he said. "When did you finally decide to accept me ?"

"Well," she replied, twisting the ring around her finger, "I made up my mind a long time ago, Jim, that I would never marry an actor and after this performance I knew that if I married you I wouldn't be taking any chances."

SOMEBODY DUG UP A THUMBED COPY OF "BO'S" PART, AND JIM BURIED HIMSELF IN IT

He didn't kiss her because the stage carpenter created a diversion by falling through an open trap and spraining his ankle.

It was because of this that Miss Braemer started for her hotel alone a little later. Salisbury was busy with the local doctor trying to get the carpenter patched up so that he could travel to the next town. It was only a few blocks to the hotel and Miss Braemer was accustomed to shifting for herself, so she started blithely on her way thinking of a cosy little home, with a man all her own to care for, and babies and all the thousand things that a newly engaged girl naturally thinks of when her choice is finally made. Therefore, she did not notice that she was followed and when a pair of arms pinioned her from behind she was too startled to let out more than a surprised shriek. Her assailant dragged her into a dark alley-way and a second man grabbed her purse and began to pull off her diamond ring. Naturally she made a struggle. She was too surprised to be very much frightened yet and she was not going to give up her engagement ring without a fight. It was the sound of this scuffle which attracted the attention of a lone wayfarer on Harvey's streets. He was a stocky man clad in a blue coat with brass buttons, which was three sizes too small, and on his head was balanced a blue helmet which fell off promptly as soon as he started for the scene of the disturbance.

"Must be a fight," he commented sagely to himself as he ran. "Can't have any disturbance here. As an officer I must keep the peace. Peace is the best friend I ever had."

It was the work of a second for Bo to lay out the man who held Miss Braemer. A right hook to the ear was the technical name of the blow that accomplished this result. Bo, thoroughly sobered, turned his attention to the other, saying over his shoulder, "Run, Miss Braemer, I'll take care of this guy."

Run she did until she met Jim and some of the other men of the company carrying the carpenter to the hotel. In the meantime Bo found his hands full. When he rushed the other man, the thug rapped him sharply over the head with a loaded "billy." This was obviously not according to the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury and Bo staggered for a moment. Then enraged at such

unsportsmanlike conduct he came back with a terrific swing that would have killed his man if it had hit him. The other ducked under and clinched with him and they rolled to the pavement in a wild tangle of arms and legs. This sort of fighting was new to Bo, but he was willing to learn and as he was an apt pupil he was the only one who got up after the scrimmage.

There was a revolver shot and Bo dropped again. The first thug had recovered during the fight and took a flying shot as he ran down the alley.

The doctor at Harvey had a very busy evening. When they brought Bo to him with a bullet in his hip he was just putting away his bandages after fixing up the carpenter.

"Nice little flesh wound," he murmured admiringly after looking Bo over carefully. "He'll be all right in a little while, so that he can join your company."

"He doesn't belong to my company any more," Jim started to say when a hand on his arm checked him.

"Please," asked Miss Braemer with that look in her eyes that a man doesn't often resist.

"All right then," assented Salisbury, "when you are able to get around again you can come back to your job."

"Thanks, boss," said Bo huskily, "and especially thanks to you, Miss Braemer. I promise you I won't touch a drop of liquor of any kind for a month, honest."

And he didn't. He was in the hospital six weeks.

THE MAN'S PRAYER

BY T. A. DALY

WHEN all is still within these walls
And Thy sweet sleep through darkness falls
On little hearts that trust in me,
However bitter toil may be,
For length of days, O Lord! on Thee
My spirit calls.

Their daily need by day enthralls
My hand and brain, but when night falls
And leaves the questioning spirit free
To brood upon the days to be,
For time and strength, O Lord! on Thee
My spirit calls.

IT WAS BY CHANCE THAT I CAME UPON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE OLD MACKENZIE HOMESTEAD AND THE SONS OF THE EXPLORER WHO LIVE THERE

The Last Days of Donald MacKenzie

By Ernest Cawcroft

Photographs by C. A. Moon

THE MacKenzies, the McKenzies and the M'Kenzies have written their names in display type on the map of Western Canada.

Alexander MacKenzie's explorations in North Western Canada were rewarded in 1789 by the discovery of the river which bears his name.

Donald McKenzie made his stamping ground the vast region stretching from the head waters of the Great Lakes to the Pacific mouth of the Columbia River. He was rewarded by Washington Irving's making him one of the characters of "Astoria" under the name of M'Kenzie.

Sir William Mackenzie, the pioneer of another century, has stretched two thousand miles of steel track along the valley of the Saskatchewan and called it the Canadian Northern Railway.

But this article is to deal with the last days of a distant and younger cousin of the explorer who found the river——Donald MacKenzie, who moved on foot and snow shoe through the wilderness now traversed by Sir William's railway on its way to the hot water ports of the Pacific.

Some people make more preparations for a summer vacation than did the young and rugged Donald MacKenzie when he and his companions started on that Weston walking trip from the present site of St. Louis to Astoria on the Columbia.

And other people buy more clothes for a Cook's tour of Europe, or a "See America Last" expedition than Donald MacKenzie ever thought he needed when he left Fort William at the head of Lake Superior for his jaunt over the Rockies in the year 1810.

But this man did not suffer from wander-lust alone. He had such an eye for business that the original John Jacob Astor made him his agent and then his co-partner in the North West Company.

He toured and he trapped and he traded until his name became a power in the vast regions of the North West. He was in the thick of every fight waged between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company for a monopoly of the natural wealth of the Northland.

It all culminated in the Hudson's Bay Company turning a typical Standard Oil trick on its rival—one purchased the other, and the North West Company passed out of existence.

But there was another Standard Oil feature about the consolidation. The Hudson's Bay Company learned in the course of the fight that Donald MacKenzie was one of those rare men who know how, and in 1825 he entered Fort Garry, now the city of Winnipeg, as the First Governor-General of the combined trading corporations.

But this story has been told by Irving, Bancroft, and Sir William Ross in language which portrays the monumental significance of Donald MacKenzie as a factor in the settlement of Western Canada. This sweeping summary of the deeds of his prime is here presented in order to ring up the stage curtain on the story of his last days.

MacKenzie does not rest in peace at Winnipeg, where for more than a decade he reigned in state as the Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay Company, — the veritable King of the wilderness, which extended to the Pacific.

Nor does he sleep at Fort William, the capital of the North West Company in those days of adventure and adventurers described in the volumes of Washington Irving.

It might have been fitting had his remains rested at Astoria, that quiet settlement which enjoyed a current fame when it was the key to a boundary making dispute between the United States and England.

But this Scotchman from Inverness, who climbed from a clerkship to the king-ship of the Canadian wilderness, sleeps at Mayville at the head of Lake Chautauqua.

And how did I get track of this story? Well, it is still true that we must go away from home to get the news; and while I have lived in this county of Western New York for twenty years I never heard anyone here, or during several trips through Western Canada, suggest the locality of MacKenzie's last resting place.

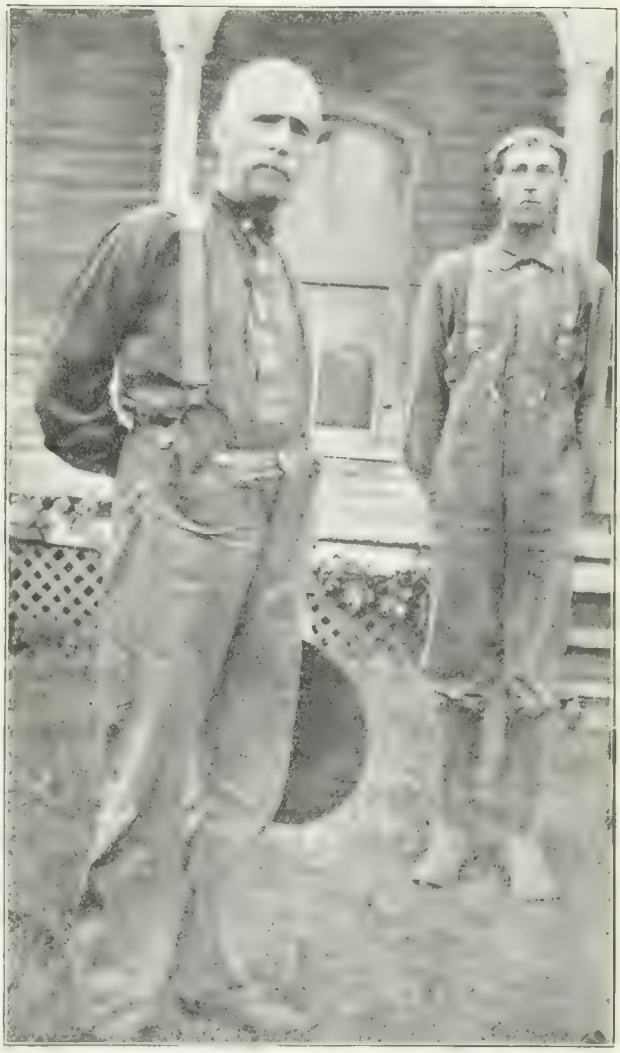
But the London Weekly Times devotes two columns of each issue to death notices of the Lords and Ladies of the Realm; nor does it forget the decease of those men of humbler birth whose acts have reflected glory on His Majesty's reign. Thus, some time ago, I found tucked away in the corner of the world's greatest obituary columns,this:

"Our Mayville, New York, correspondent informs us that Henry MacKenzie, one of the surviving sons of Donald MacKenzie, the Canadian explorer, is dead at that place."

This item put me on the track of the last days of Donald MacKenzie; and as I wheeled along the shores of Lake Chautauqua, I speculated upon the motives which led this man to leave the excitement of the wilderness and the primitive splendors of Fort Garry to spend nearly twenty years of life in a then Yankee settlement, and at last to find rest in a village graveyard fifteen hundred miles from the scene of of his achievements.

Then I recalled I had been told in Paris that the French Ministry had secured maps of the Lake Chautauqua region and the tributary streams during the French and Indian conflicts. Look at your map. Mayville on Lake Chautauqua is five miles from Westfield on Lake Erie. The hill, which prevents the two towns from looking at each other, forces Lake Chautauqua to flow into the Alleghany River, rather

than into Lake Erie, and thereby a water route was provided when the French troops passed from the Great Lakes over this map-making hill and through Lake Chautauqua down to the site of Pittsburg, for the purposes of the French and Indian wars. Now Donald MacKenzie had married at Fort Garry, the young and beautiful Adelgonde Droze, the daughter of noble parents who had left revolutionary France and carried their baby to the Fort by way of Hudson's Bay. Thus, I reasoned in my own mind, that Mrs. Adelgonde Droze MacKenzie exercised the wifely privilege of making French, and French studies, the requirement of the household; and that between these studies, and perhaps the adventuresome tales of some voyageur, MacKenzie had learned of the Mayville promontory which divided the two lakes, at about the time that his wife had persuaded him to leave the wilderness in order to educate their children nearer the seat of European civilization.



STURDY AND SCOTCH TO THE BONE ARE WILLIAM P. MACKENZIE, THE SON OF THE EXPLORER, AND DONALD MACKENZIE, JR., THE GRANDSON

But the fact that the historic surmises in which I indulged on my gasoline trip to the last home of the snowshoe trader were entirely wrong, is of no concern when it is remembered that the geographical nature of my speculations affords the reader a view of Mayville and the surrounding country, where our hero now rests.

There were some thirteen children in the MacKenzie family,—— a French woman soon answers the candidates running on a race suicide platform. One of the sons, William P. MacKenzie, now past seventy years of age, is living on the westerly shores of Lake Chautauqua: and from him I elicited the real story of Donald MacKenzie's migration to the Chautauqua region.

Those French noblemen who wanted to place some miles between themselves and the mob, either went to America or Switzerland. William P. MacKenzie declares that when his father started from Fort Garry to near civilization, his mother had persuaded the family to journey to Lake Geneva, then a favorite retreat of the nobility. But when Donald MacKenzie reached the head of Lake Superior, he met

Douglass Houghton, a young geologist from Chautuaqua county. Houghton described the beauties of the Chautauqua region, and the relationship of the tributaries to the early history of North America. Donald's interest was aroused and he promised the young geologist to move eastward by way of Lake Chautauqua. The former Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay Company arived at Mayville during the year 1832, and for a year the MacKenzie family was housed at the tavern, which still stands on Main Street opposite the historic Peacock residence. This residence was the seat of William Peacock, who as a young man had surveyed the line of the Erie Canal, and who as an agent of the Holland Land Company, found that the courage which MacKenzie had developed in the wilderness was to save his (Peacock's) life in future years.

Donald MacKenzie proceeded to erect a substantial brick house on the height of ground in the rear of the Mayville Academy, and which overlooks the seat of the original Chautauqua Assembly on the Lake three miles away. The picture shows the house as the residence of a typical country gentleman. Here he resided from 1834 until his death in 1851; there many of his children received a Yankee birth; nor was he dependent upon his reading and writing alone in order to pass the hours. He was the character of the region; but the chronicle of his deeds in the wilderness was not the only foundation of his reputation for courage. The infuriated tenants of the Holland Land Company sought to vent their hate upon Agent William Peacock, and the latter retired to the MacKenzie cellar while the Governor-General held the mob in check at the door of his Mayville residence. William H. Seward, then a young lawyer of Auburn, later Lincoln's secretary of state, came to Mayville as attorney for the Holland Land Company, and there enjoyed the hospitality of the MacKenzie home; while Daniel Webster is credited with a secret visit for the purpose of gathering first hand information as to the international boundary dispute, which once threatened to provoke a third war between the United States and England and which finally culminated in the Webster-Ashburton treaty. John Jacob Astor thought enough of his old partner, and Donald was sufficiently forgiving in spirit to forget the disparaging words which the Dutchman caused Irving to pen about MacKenzie in "Astoria" to make a call and receive a hospitable welcome at Mayville, on his way East.

Then there was a stream of visitors passing between the East and West, equally interesting but not as distinguished as those mentioned. When not entertaining these visitors, or interesting himself in the education of his children, MacKenzie was enjoying the convivial delights of Buffalo, then a growing canal town, and within easy driving distance. He sought to entertain himself and inform posterity by writing his memories; but his young wife, according to William P. MacKenzie, decided that when a trapper turns pen-man, it hurts his mind and amiability,—she promptly burned the half-completed manuscript.

And it does not need the words of William P. MacKenzie to-day to convince this generation that the growing family led a happy life on this Mayville estate. Mrs. MacDonald, of Buffalo, a venerable daughter who still survives; and Noel, Roderick and Catherine, now dead, were born in Manitoba and came with their parents to the new home; while William P., who still lives four miles from the homestead, outlived Henry, who, with Alexander, Fenella, Donalda, Adoldine, Humbertson and Cecelesta, all dead, were born in Mayville.

The day I called at the home of of William P. MacKenzie, the London pistols which the future Governor-General carried over the Rockies in 1810, were displayed to me by Donald MacKenzie, Jr., the grandson of our hero; but this was the extent of the display, because the MacKenzies are of the simple, rugged type, and the boxes of letters and family mementoes are in the possession of Alexander MacKenzie, of Toronto, who is pre-

paring a volume dealing with the life and times of Donald MacKenzie.

Three hundred and twenty pounds in weight; six feet in height; and trained to every hardship, Donald MacKenzie died at Mayville in 1851 in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The photographic reproduction of an old family daguerreotype, with his young wife near his shoulders, shows a man far past his prime. It seems that MacKenzie, on his way back from Buffalo, was thrown from his horse at a point known as Eighteen Mile Creek; and while he lingered for six months, he never recovered that clarity of mind which made him the hero of the wilderness.

MacKenzie was buried in his apple-orchard on a spot selected by himself overlooking Lake Chautauqua; but since that time the residence has passed out of the ownership of the MacKenzie estate; and the remains now rest in the humble cemetery at the foot of Mayville Hill where a simple monument tells the thoughtless visitor no tale of the king of the wilderness whose achievements prompted Washington Irving, even after Donald had quarrelled with the former's patron, John Jacob Astor, to write:—

"Another of the partners, Mr. Donald M'Kenzie, was associated with Mr. Hunt in the expedition to the mouth of the Columbia; and excelled on those points in which the other was deficient; for he had been ten years in the interior, in the service of the North-West Company, and valued himself on his knowledge of wood-craft and the strategy of Indian trade and Indian warfare. He had a frame seasoned to toils and hardships; a spirit not to be intimidated and was reputed to be a remarkable shot, which of itself was sufficient to give him renown upon the frontier."

TRUST

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

GOD gave us light and warmth, stars, birds and trees,
The whole wide world, immeasurable seas,
Mountains and prairies and the winds of heaven,
And means whereby we might provide ourselves
With all things needful.
If so great His care
For our short sojourn here,
Can ye not trust Him with Eternity,
O ye of little faith?

Katy of Calgary

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by John Drew

IT was on the "Soo" line, leaving St. Paul, that I met Katy of Calgary, although I did not then know her by that name; and it was on the same train that I met Gray of Chicago.

I was fortunate enough to get a lower berth—Lower 5—and Katy was unfortunate enough to have to take an upper—Upper 5. She was a young woman of perhaps twenty or twenty-one and pulchritudinally all that could be desired.

Do you need to be told more?

Oh, well, if you want details, I was bound for Calgary, which was a matter of some thirty-six hours distant. I was alone, and I was not in the least averse to the companionship of so attractive a girl. The circumstances favored me, naturally. No woman wants an upper berth, for which she is not to be blamed. It is not an easy thing for a man to reach it, and it is something like ten or fifty times as awkward and difficult for a woman. Personally, if I were a woman, I should wait until everybody else had turned in, and then send the porter on some errand that would get him out of the way, before attempting it. Wherefore, if I have a lower, I am always ready to surrender it to the woman with an upper—provided she is not too obviously and complacently relying upon masculine gallantry.

"YOU DON'T KNOW CALGARY," SAID KATY, CONFIDENTLY

Now you know how Katy and I became acquainted. I offered to exchange berths with her—not at once, you understand, but as soon as circumstances permitted me to do so without any obvious effort on my part to seek the opportunity. I insisted that she take the stern of the section, while I occupied the bow, first, and I left her in full possession, spending some little time in the smoking-room, where I met Gray, before chance favored me. Then, of course, she protested that she would not think of inconveniencing me, but I insisted upon the exchange and—well, nothing was settled then, but

she occupied the lower when the time came, and, naturally, the mere offer of it tended to make her gracious and friendly. I was her escort to the dining-car that evening, although she insisted upon paying her own check. She was an independent young woman, frank but not free in manner, and she knew just what she might properly permit a young man to do for her on such short and unconventional acquaintance.

Gray—you must know Lawrence Gray before I can really get into this story—was a bright, energetic young fellow of about twenty-five or twenty-six. I will tell you now what I learned about him later, so that it may not be necessary to hark back to it.

He was a Chicago bond salesman on his first special mission. After a somewhat lurid college career, for which a too liberal allowance from a rich and indulgent father was largely responsible, he had settled down, had "made good" so far as he had gone, and finally had been entrusted with this special mission. He had some bond propositions that the house had been encouraged to think would "look good" in western Canada and letters of introduction to various men who might be helpful to him. He also had, as a sort of side line, some stock propositions—not quite so safe as the bonds but perfectly legitimate and promising a higher return.

Katy—I must also give some preliminary information with regard to her, to avoid interrupting my narrative later—was known to me then as Miss Katherine Campbell. She claimed Calgary as her home and was returning to it after a visit with some friends in Minneapolis. Her father had been unfortunate enough to die while engaged in some speculative enterprises, leaving his affairs in such chaotic condition that the administrators of the estate were still trying to find out whether his widow and daughter were rich or poor.

Gray met Katy through me, and they became great friends. She learned that he was a bond salesman, but that conveyed nothing to her mind. She knew as little about bonds as the street arab does about the Milky Way, but I discovered that she was not so unsophisticated in some other phases of business activity.

"Bonds!" she repeated, after hearing them mentioned several times. "What *are* bonds?"

Gray had just left us, and the question was addressed to me. I answered it as best I could.

"The security for bonds may be real estate, then?" she queried.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, why not own the real estate and take all the profit?" she demanded

I tried to explain again the theory and purpose of bonds, but she was not impressed.

"How much do they pay?" she wanted to know.

"Not very much," I admitted. "Good bonds rarely net six per cent., and usually less than five."

She laughed merrily. "And Mr. Gray is going to Calgary to sell bonds?" she inquired.

"That's what he says," I responded.

"Well, he has a lovely chance!" she chortled. "Do you know what they'll do to him?"

I shook my head.

"They'll chuck his bonds in the waste-basket and sell him some real estate," she asserted confidently.

"Oh, I guess not," I returned.

"You don't know Calgary!" she insisted.

"And you don't know Gray!" I retorted.

I didn't know him very well myself, but I felt safe in assuming that he was not going to be lured from selling one thing into buying another.

Katy may have deemed his mission absurd, but it was evident that she found him personally most agreeable, and I shall have to confess to a feeling of peevishness in consequence. Having secured the acquaintance of a pretty girl, at the cost of a lower berth, it is not pleasant to have a comparative stranger that you have inadvertently introduced step in and monopolize her. Still, it was not a matter of sufficient importance to disturb my friendly relations with Gray.

I told him what she said about bonds, but he was not disturbed.

"There's always a lot of crazy real estate speculation in growing towns," he said, "but you'll find that the solid, conservative citizens build their fortunes on a foundation of safe investment. Only the light-headed are stampeded by the get-rich-quick propositions. Neither I nor the men with whom I do business are in that class."

I remembered this when Katy brought up the subject again. She continued to find amusement in Gray's mission, and made occasional humorous references to it, although never in his presence. The fact that we occupied the same section did leave us alone together once in a while.

"Let me see !" was her aggravating sally on one of these occasions. I'll give him about forty-eight hours to forget the bonds and begin buying real estate."

"I'll bet you—" I began, using the phrase as a mere figure of speech and without serious intent.

"What would you like to bet ?" she interrupted lightly.

Of course I was not going to back down, and a few minutes later I discovered that I had bet a five-pound box of candy, which I would naturally present to her if I won, that Gray, of whom I knew less then than I have already disclosed in this narrative, would prove a better salesman than any Canadian real estate owner, agent or promoter.

"You see," I explained, when this was settled, "I have all the best of it. He is not going to invest in anything in the way of real property so far from home, and he has a proposition that appeals to conservative investors everywhere because of its safety."

"What's safer than real estate ?" she retorted. "A bond is nothing but a piece of paper, but real estate has real value."

I never did have much luck arguing with a woman, and Katy was even more disconcerting than most of them. Still, I held my ground.

"Fluctuating value," I objected.

"But fluctuating upward—in a live town," she retorted.

"It has been known to go the other way," I argued.

"Not in a live town—a growing town," she declared; "and you can fairly see Calgary grow."

"A town may be over-boomed," I suggested.

"If it's growing, it will catch up with the boom," she returned confidently. "All you have to do is to wait for your price." Her eyes began to light up with enthusiasm now. "Anybody can make money on real estate by holding it, and sometimes you have to hold it only over night !"

"You're extremely loyal," I commented.

"Loyal !" she cried. "Of course I am ! Why, I love Calgary—the very atmosphere of it—the rush and the excitement and the enthusiasm and the optimism ! It's glorious ! Everybody believes in the country and backs his belief with voice and money ! You think you have live towns in the United States—Chicago and New York, perhaps—but Calgary will plat and sell and re-sell a subdivision while Chicago and New York are getting ready to begin to think about it."

Somehow that did not appeal to me as anything but evidence of purely speculative activity, but I said nothing. To argue with a woman, once she has become emotionally aroused with regard to any subject, is a waste of time.

Just the same, her enthusiasm was infectious. I was proof against it because circumstances induced a certain peevishness on my part, but I wondered what effect it might have on Gray. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that business is a cold-blooded proposition and that the real estate agents with whom he came in contact would lack her magnetism.

I saw little of Katy after that, although she found opportunity for an occasional malicious "fling" with regard to the relative attractions of bonds and real estate. Indeed, I was so obviously "out of it", except as she seemed to derive some little pleasure from her efforts to tease me, that I let Gray take charge of her hand-baggage and deliver her to her waiting mother

"WELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO GO," I ASSERTED WITH UNNECESSARY EMPHASIS. "I DON'T INTEND TO BUY ANY CALGARY REAL ESTATE."

when we reached Calgary in the early morning of the second day.

Gray and I went to the same hotel, and we had breakfast together. It was Sunday morning, but just across the table from us two men were neglecting breakfast to engage in an earnest business discussion. The first was trying to sell the second a building lot, and the second was trying to sell the first a farm. Each expatiated glowingly, and without much regard to what the other was saying, upon the merits of his own proposition, but they finally

arranged the terms of a trade rather than do no business at all.

I nudged Gray.

"They do seem to be a bit 'cracked' on real estate," he admitted, "but it's of no consequence."

In the lobby, a little later, two other earnest and absorbed men sat near us. Our attention was attracted when one of them finally got up and yawned. "Oh, well," he remarked, "if we can't come to terms on that property I might as well go to church."

I nudged Gray again, and Gray laughed. The careless and matter-of-fact way that the church was relegated to second place did sound ridiculous. "It's the 'piking' crowd that does its business in hotel lobbies," he commented. "They would not be interested in bonds anyway."

In the afternoon Gray disappeared, but I had plenty of amusement. A young man with whom I fell into casual conversation tried to sell me an outlying lot. "If you have a bit of idle money," he assured me, "it's a great chance."

"Yes ?" I returned noncommittally.

"Sold for four thousand last week, can be had for forty-three hundred now, and will be worth five thousand inside of a month," he declared. "Come along and I'll show it to you."

"I should think," I objected, "that the man who has it now would want to hang on."

"Oh, he likes a quick profit," was the reply, "and he's already held it two days."

I refused to be interested, but I wondered how this atmosphere would affect Gray.

He returned about supper time and remarked casually, "She asked why I didn't bring you along."

"Who asked ?" I demanded.

"Why, Miss Campbell, of course," he replied.

"Oh !" I returned. "Well, why didn't you ?"

"I didn't know you wanted to go," he explained.

"Well, I didn't !" I asserted with unnecessary emphasis. "I don't intend to buy any Calgary real estate."

Gray laughed, which further irritated me.

"She'll have you buying some, if you don't watch out," I warned.

"Oh, no," he returned carelessly. "On the contrary, if she had any money I'd sell her some bonds."

"They're all pretty keen on real estate here," I persisted; and then I told him of my experience during his absence.

"Pikers !" he declared. "To-morrow, as soon as I have made the necessary arrangements, I'll get after some of the solid men."

I had business to attend to myself the following day, but somehow there was always something to remind me of Gray and his problem. One man that I called on began talking real estate as soon as we had transacted our business. I retaliated by talking bonds, but he was not interested. His money might be available for a new local factory or a local branch of an outside factory, however, even if it promised no great return.

"For then," he explained, "I'd get the profit out of real estate."

I began to feel sorry for Gray.

However, I had discovered that bonds were an excellent protection from local financial assault, and I promptly brought the subject up again when a young man tried to interest me in some property.

"Bonds !" he exclaimed scornfully. "Bonds ! What do I want of bonds ? Say ! I bought an option on a piece of property, gave my note for it, sold it, took up the note, and had two hundred dollars clear—all in seven days. Just show me how you can make two hundred dollars out of nothing in bonds, will you ?"

I was certainly sorry for Gray, and I may admit that my wager with Katy did not now look like quite as safe and certain a thing as it had before.

It was Katy herself who interrupted my meditations. I was plodding along toward the hotel when she, driving an old gray horse attached to a rather shabby buggy, drew up at the curb and beckoned to me. I confess to a sudden and very distinct feeling of pleasure at the sight of her.

"If you have a little money to invest——" she began banteringly.

"I'm not investing," I returned promptly.

"There's a rare bargain I'd like to show you," she persisted.

I shook my head.

"It *is* a rather shabby rig," she remarked, as if that might be my reason for refusing. "We had an auto once, and we hope to have one again, but just now——"

I got in and seated myself beside her.

"Do you know," I said, as the old horse ambled along, "for a moment I thought you were in earnest ?"

"In what ?" she asked.

"In wanting to show me real estate."

"Well, I am," she returned with a mystifying smile.

"I'm almost ready to believe it," I declared. "I've been dodging bargains all day, and I'm particularly afraid of you."

"Why ?" she inquired.

"You're such an enthusiast !" I explained.

"Of course," she agreed. "Why shouldn't I be ? I can see the glorious future, and I want others to see and share it. We all do—not so much for our own sakes as for theirs. It's really a philanthropic matter."

"Whew !" I exclaimed. "That's putting it pretty strong !"

"But not too strong," she insisted. "When we induce a man to invest here we are doing him a favor—a big favor. He should be very grateful to us."

"Isn't he ?" I laughed.

"No," she answered reluctantly. "He's usually too busy piling up money to think of it."

"Oh, come !" I protested. "Don't try to jolly me !"

"It's quite true," she asserted, still with the mystifying smile that left me uncertain just how much of this was banter. "*We* are able to see the city's wonderful future ! Why, figure it out for yourself ! In ten years the population has increased from 6,000 to 60,000. The same percentage of increase for another ten years will give us 600,000, and ten years more will make it 6,000,000, and still another ten years will—"

"Help ! Help !" I cried in dismay.

"Isn't it reasonable ?" she demanded. "It's just a question of percentage, isn't it ?"

"Well, it's about as reasonable as some other things that have been told me," I conceded.

Then we both laughed, it was all so absolutely ridiculous.

I found Gray awaiting me when I got back to the hotel, and he was not in good humor. Nor was his temper improved by what happened directly afterward, although it in no way concerned him.

A policeman was in earnest conversation with a man at the cigar-stand, and an excited individual rushed in and up to him.

"Quick !" cried the excited one. "Come quick ! There's a crazy man with a gun out here on the corner !"

The policeman waved him away impatiently. "All right !" he returned; "all right, I say ! I'll be along directly. I'm just closing up a deal now."

I laughed. "You see what you're up against," I told Gray.

"Oh, I know," he grumbled. "I've been having it hammered into me all day."

"No luck ?" I queried.

"Luck !" he snorted. "Why, you couldn't sell these people ten-dollar gold pieces at a fifty per cent. discount unless they were coined in Calgary ! The first man I saw wouldn't listen to me after he learned that my securities were not the bonds of any concern having a local plant or branch. The second seemed deeply interested, and after reading my letters and hearing what I had to say he became quite enthusiastic and assured me I had a big chance to do a great stroke of business. 'All you've got to do,' he said, 'is to market your bonds in the United States and invest the money up here.' The third was a railroad official, and I had to duck out in a hurry or he'd have sold me an irrigated farm. The fourth— But what's the use ?" he ended disgustedly.

"You give up ?" I asked.

"No-o," he answered uncertainly, "not exactly. It's discouraging, but I'm working out a plan that may give me success yet."

Nevertheless, he seemed unable to get up sufficient spunk to see anyone else, with the exception of Katy. I saw him driving with her two days later. I did not like it. It was none of my business, of course, but I did not not like it.

A man standing near me in the hotel entrance followed my gaze and nodded. "Smart girl, that !" he remarked.

"Yes ?" I returned.

"Smart as they make 'em," he assured me. "She can sell more real estate than any two men."

"She what !" I cried.

"Sell real estate," he repeated in surprise. "That's her business, you know."

"Her business !"

"Why, yes. What's the matter with you—naturally dull-witted or what ?"

"Nothing," I replied; "nothing at all." And I laughed. Poor Gray ! Nothing doing in bonds, but plenty in real estate ! What chance had he ? "Tell me about her," I urged.

"Started in to sell real estate after her father died," explained my informant. "Trying to clear off her father's involved estate, I imagine. Hasn't been at it long, but she's done mighty well. Works on commission mostly, but there's one piece of property of her own or her mother's—I guess it's her mother's—that she's trying to sell for about twice what it's worth. She'll do it, too."

A real estate agent ! And Gray—Oh, it was a joke to make a misanthrope laugh !

I went to call on her that evening.

"You took an unfair advantage of me," I charged.

"In what way ?" she asked.

"I didn't know you were in the real estate business yourself."

"Oh, we're all in the real estate business here," she asserted. "You don't know Calgary."

"But you can't win your own bet."

"Watch me !" she retorted.

"I mean you shouldn't," I corrected.

"Why not ?" she demanded. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't do Mr. Gray a favor if I wish ?"

"A favor !" I repeated.

"A favor, certainly," she maintained, again with that aggravating smile. "Anybody who gets real estate here is favored."

"And you're going to sell to him yourself ?"

"If I can."

"That pretty little place up at the north end, perhaps ?" I suggested.

"If I can," she said again; "but you ought not to complain," she added, "for I gave you first chance at it."

"The price is exorbitant," I asserted.

"No one is obliged to pay it," she retorted.

"Nevertheless, I shall warn him," I threatened.

"Why, of course," she agreed. "That will make it more interesting. Or you might buy it yourself."

"I have no use for it—at the price," I declared.

"Oh, well, if you have no use for it," she returned, "I'll not urge it. But perhaps Mr. Gray has," she added significantly; then with sudden directness, "Why are you so concerned about it ?"

Why was I ? It was no affair of mine, and yet I was making it almost a personal grievance.

"Does a box of candy mean so much to you ?" she bantered.

It was not that, of course, but—Oh, well, I finally retired in some confusion, and I was sure I heard her laugh exultingly as the door closed behind me.

I told Gray she was merely a real estate agent, but he was not disturbed.

"Just the same," I insisted, "she'll sell you some of this property if you don't watch out."

"Perhaps she will," he returned indifferently.

"A fine joke," I commented, "for a man to come up here to sell bonds and end by buying real estate !"

"It would be amusing," he agreed.

"Perhaps you're thinking of buying that property up at the north end ?" I suggested.

"You mean that house with the vines all over it ?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Well, perhaps I am," he admitted.

"It's her own property," I told him.

"No," he returned; "her mother's."

"Same thing," I asserted.

"Not at all," he contended. "It's about all that Mrs. Campbell will ever get out of the estate, and Miss Campbell naturally wants to do the best she can with it."

"I should think she did!" I exclaimed. "The price is absurd."

"She does hold it pretty high," he conceded, "but it may be worth the price—to me."

I was more disgruntled than ever—not that I wanted the house myself, but I did not like to feel that my confidence in him had been misplaced. And why should it be worth the price to him? What would make it worth more to him than to me?

The questions were not so difficult to answer—at least, so it seemed to my mercurial fancy.

A few days later he informed me that he had about decided to buy the property. "But I'll have to write home for the cash," he explained.

I was disgusted. I was so disgusted that, after a period of perturbed reflection, I went to see Katy again.

"Is that property still on the market?" I asked.

"That north end property of mother's?"

"Yes."

"It is," she said. "Mr. Gray is——"

"I know about that," I interrupted, "but he hasn't closed for it yet?"

"Not yet."

"He needs to be protected from his own folly," I declared, "and I may take it myself."

"I thought you had no use for it," she bantered.

"I may have," I returned.

"At the price?"

"At the price. It has occurred to me that there's a way I might use it."

"Then why don't you?" she asked.

"I suppose," I ventured, "it could be made irresistibly attractive."

"It might be," she admitted, "in some circumstances."

"Tell me how," I urged.

"I'll show you," she replied; and a moment later she added, not so irrelevantly as it would seem to another than myself, "Do you know, I think I knew before you did that you would find it a bargain?"

Gray and Katy and I were together, but Gray was not monopolizing Katy's attention this time.

I broke the news to him gently. "Gray," I said, "I've saved you."

"Saved me!" he repeated.

"Saved you from your own folly," I explained. "I've bought the house myself. You see, I had to do it to win a bet."

"A bet!" he pondered. "What was the bet?"

"A box of candy," I informed him.

"A box of candy!" he echoed. "You bought the house at the price to win a——"

"Oh, the price doesn't matter," I interrupted, "when it's all in the family."

"Oh!" he commented; "that's it, is it?"

I nodded and Katy blushed. "We'll invite you to the wedding," I promised.

"Too bad!" he sighed. "Too bad!"

"Too bad!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"I have great confidence in Miss Campbell," he explained. "I had rather hoped that she would help me place some bonds."

I looked at him in astonishment. "And was that all——" I began.

"Quite all," he assured me.

"Oh, well," I said, "you're a pretty good fellow, Gray, and *we*"—— I emphasized the pronoun—— "will see what we can do for you."

"Thank you," he returned, "but I haven't much hope now. When real estate is made so attractive, what chance is there for bonds?"

CHRISTMAS MORNING

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

WAKE UP! Wake up!
I say, wee tad,
Drop from your crib and tell your dad
Who came last night
With his reindeer.
Do you think Santa Claus was here?
Run to the hearth
In your bare feet.
Tell me, who left those candies sweet
And that great orange,
Round and fat;
Tell me—did Santa Claus do that?

The Noah's Ark,
Those lettered blocks,
The timid bunny—see, he walks
When you just press
The rubber ball.
And whence, I wonder, came that doll?
Who brought the engine
And that drum?
And that gay top—my, hear it hum!
Who, weighted down
Beneath his pack,
Found our house lay right on his track?

That stocking packed,
Those wonders bright—
What good old Saint was here last night
To leave this treasure
Trove so rare?
No Santa Claus! Ah, who would dare?
What! Shatter faith
And bare the truth!
Would you? I'd not do that forsooth!
No! Santa paused
Here on his way
To help make Christmas "Children's Day!"

THE VIEW FROM ACROSS THE RIVER, WHEN TIME HAS WEATHERED THE WHITE STONE OF THE CHATEAU, WILL UNROLL A PICTURESQUE LANDSCAPE SUGGESTING A GLIMPSE OF OLD FRANCE

French Influence on Canadian Architecture

By H. M. Clark

IT IS an essential principle that a young Dominion must develop primarily its commercial potentialities, and so great has been the strife for industrial supremacy, that the fine arts in Canada have been held in the background. Of late there have been varied indications that this state of affairs will not continue. The National Gallery has found a worthy home; Canadian choirs have achieved fame abroad; the work of Canadian painters commands increasing interest and able hands are developing a Canadian Grand Opera. But it seemed, in a country proud of its commercial adolescence, that the fine arts were still in the age of infancy, with nothing to rank with the work of other nations. Few cities offer more substantial testimony than Ottawa to this rapid commercial expansion. Yet here in Ottawa, side by side with increasing commerce which demands increasing railroad facilities, stands the finest example of the fine arts in the Dominion, the Chateau Laurier Hotel, a Canadian creation which is artistically unsurpassed on this continent.

Eastern Canada is in no way lacking in beauty spots, but the country around Ottawa has been exceptionally favored by nature. It will be recalled that when the rivalry of Montreal and Toronto rendered necessary an independent site for the capital of the Dominion, Ottawa was selected by Queen Victoria. This selection was determined, not only by the geographical situation, at a reasonable distance from the border line between Canada and the United States, but also by the natural beauty of the surroundings, which was demonstrated to the Queen by Lady Head. Lady Head, as the wife of the Governor-General, spent some time in the Dominion, and her paintings of the Ottawa District portray very successfully some of its many charms. Indeed, at certain points the beauty of the scene is unique. Such

a one dominates the canal, dividing it from the hill, which carries on its crest the Parliament Buildings, and overlooks one of the fairest landscapes in the Dominion. The waters of the canal and of the sky-silvered river, reflect the splendours of the foliaged banks—and in a background of blue-toned distance, the broad sweeping reaches of the river give an air of stately old-world placidity. On this high point, amid the trees of Majors Hill Park, a site among sites, stands the Chateau Laurier Hotel, a building of a beauty befitting the scene. Few architects have such a chance—fewer still could have turned it to such artistic account. The view from across the river, when time has weathered the white stone of the Chateau, will unroll a picturesque landscape suggesting a glimpse of Old France rather than modern Canada.

Yet the scene is essentially Canadian—the history and romance of early Canada met upon this countryside, for the site of the Chateau Laurier overlooks the direct line of Canada's first transcontinental route, the route by which the voyageurs, coming up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa River, crossed to Lake Nipissing and thence to Georgian Bay. The graceful pinnacles and towering slopes of the early French Chateau, built by the builders of the latest transcontinental route, blend harmoniously with this historic background. Here, in the dawn of the Dominion, paused and passed the forerunners—explorers, traders, and soldiers; coureurs de bois and priests. Within a few minutes stroll of the hotel you pace the original trail; on either side grass and trees and hedges flower luxuriantly, but the pack-laden tread of centuries has made of the trail a rock-bare, weed-ridden track; and the passing of generations of men, little bands of men—exiled and unfriended—with their joys and sorrows and hopes and fears, has endowed the trail with a haunting sense of the ceaseless toil of men.

Wander where you will, history still confronts you. French nomenclature perpetuates the restless spirit of Montcalm, soldier and traveller, who christened the Rideau Falls; and the Rideau Canal revives memories of the military genius of the Duke of Wellington, by whose orders—when Prime Minister—this strategic waterway was cut. The Sappers, under Colonel By, the godfather of Bytown, executed this work, together with the historic Sappers Bridge, which has now given way to the graceful span included in the Plaza, the vast open space which separates the new Grand Trunk Railway Station from the Chateau Laurier.

The hotel, clothed with the dignified but picturesque grace of early French chateau architecture, gains considerably by the proximity of the canal;—one recalls the moat of the Chateau of Chantilly, and at certain angles especially, the fine masses of stone suggest the bastions and flanking towers of the old Citadel at Carcassone—and a crowning delight in the twilight, is the fitful irregularity of the silhouetted roof. The skill which placed this beautiful building so happily in its surroundings of park and driveway and river was equal to another task. For if the site presented natural advantages which the architects developed to the full, it also beset them with difficulties. The frontage on Bank street required to furnish carriage entrance on the street-level, a sunken road from street-level to basement and a subway from the station—a ground plan permitting extension of the building in the future was also requisite and provision had to be made for tracks of electric cars with alighting platforms for passengers on the right-of-way adjoining the walls of the hotel on the canal side. The treatment of the latter problem is characteristic of the able work of the architects (for there were two of them); it not only conceals completely from guests all sight and sound of the cars, but furnishes the hotel with a picturesque terrace which is one of its most delightful features.

Essentially Canadian is the scenery and essentially Canadian are the historical associations of the site, while the architecture of the early French chateau period lends itself

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY FRENCH CHATEAU PERIOD LENDS ITSELF ADMIRABLY TO CANADIAN CONDITIONS, BOTH IN SPIRIT AND FORM

admirably both in spirit and form to Canadian conditions and climate. The simple and substantial lines portray the youth and vastness of the country.

The appearance of the building from any point is fine indeed, but as you stroll beneath the trees in the Park, the desire to examine the interior tempts you to make an unconventional entry by the long windows that open on the terrace; one's instinct insists that men who surround a dining-hall with trees or open water on three sides will bestow a like magnificence on the scene within. Yet so fine is the whole exterior that one pauses for a moment, fearful least the interior should disappoint. But you are quickly reas-

sured, for your eye is carried to an imaginative oil-painting placed above the fire-place, in which Montcalm is represented as gazing at the Rideau Falls and dreaming of the future greatness of the country, suggested in the painting by a mighty group of symbolical buildings rising on the distant Parliament Hill.

THIS LANDING OF ONE OF THE STAIRWAYS EXEMPLIFIES EARLY CHATEAU ARCHITECTURE IN ITS SIMPLICITY

The idea is a worthy keynote and symbolises the fine imagination and broad ideas of the designers, which are reflected throughout the building. The whole room is in harmony with this wall-painting—a vast Elizabethan dining-hall, with oak-panelled walls and massive supporting columns, suggesting the period of Montcalm and earlier travellers of his adventurous type. Imposing stained-glass windows and the beamed and plastered ceiling emphasize the fine proportions of this lofty hall. The leaded glazing of the transom lights and the fleur de lis design on the shields at the head of the oak-panelled columns convey the "air" of the period, and modern comfort and luxury are suggested by the heavy velours, curtains and carpet and the carved oak-panelling of the fireplace—a happy blending of simplicity and refinement. The oak-balustraded musicians' gallery holds your glance, and as you pass out through the oaken entrance doors, you have a glimpse of the views which the windows frame—peeps of pleasant foliage and tree-studded distance.

The long corridor before you delights your eye with its length and breadth and height, the perfect proportions recalling some cathedral cloister. It parallels the terrace and its windows overlook the flanking canal and the open sweep of Parliament Hill. Skillfully spaced are these windows, and when the curtained sun shadows their graceful shapes at your feet and brings out the deep color of oak wainscotting and "old ivory" plaster the corridor is seen to perfection. Pacing its length you arrive at the simple gold doors of the elevators, but the tower with its "arrow-slit" windows and winding

staircase of Hauteville stone tempt you to the floor above.

A fine sense of fitness impelled the architects to provide graceful and more delicate surroundings in the ladies' rooms, and the style adopted—Louis XVI.—is of a period which also harmonizes with the spirit of the building. A French lightness and addition of a multiplicity of plate mirrors, the architects have given the same light touch.

Very white and cool and perfect is the little marble staircase which brings you to the Rotunda, an entrance-hall worthy of the building. The lofty white stone walls, the grey marble flooring and the hooded stone fireplace reveal

A FRENCH LIGHTNESS OF STYLE PERVADES THIS LONG CORRIDOR, WITH ITS GENEROUS SPACES

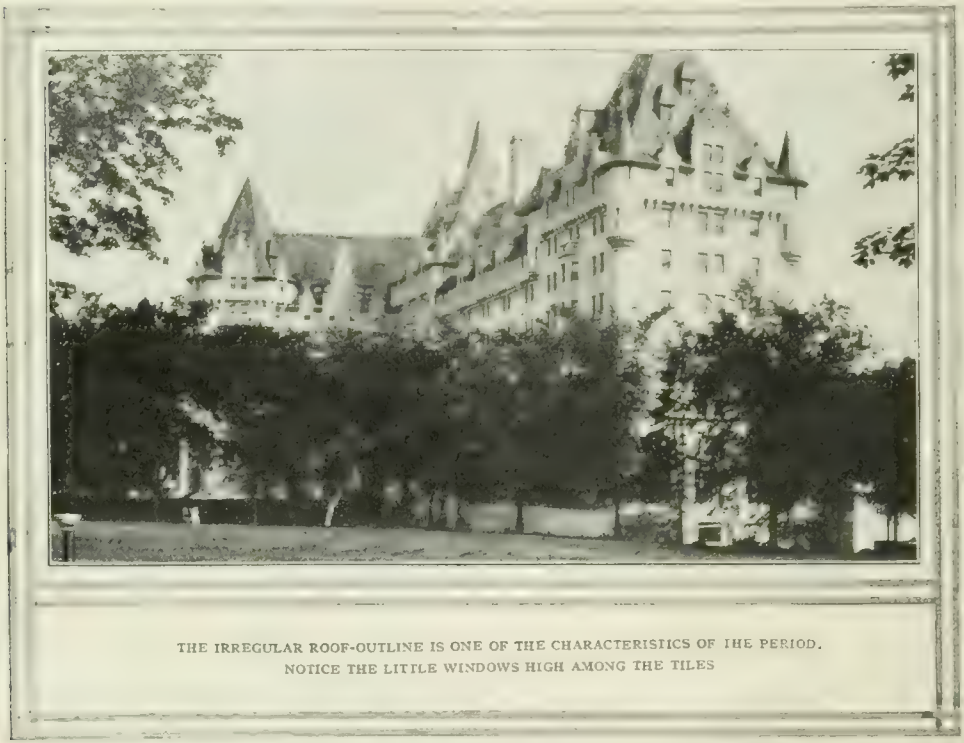
daintiness of style pervades the ladies' dining-room and the long writing-corridor, with its generous spaces and restful view over the steep tree-green slopes of Parliament Hill. Unmistakably of Old France is the vast ball-room; light—almost gay—in tone, with touches of gold; light and space, floods of light—space for many guests—and something of the height and breadth of the sky itself beneath the delicately-panelled ceiling. The sparkling crystal-cluster candelabra and marble staircase give a May morning freshness to this delightful ball-room. This staircase is of Canadian marble from a local quarry, and leads to the foyer, to the decoration of which, with the a dignified simplicity characteristic of the architecture which echoes again the period of Montcalm. Something of the spirit which animated Montcalm and other great Canadians abides here—it lingers about the bust of Sir Wilfred Laurier, which, on a lofty pedestal, facing the doorway, lends a fine air of distinction to the hall.

He, too, was a seer and a "trail-blazer" like Montcalm. But Montcalm, unaided by science, was subdued by the paralysing distance of his day. His mighty dreams of broad domains have materialised in our time and his vision of a great trade route linking East and West, has been transmuted into actuality by his compatriot, the

man whose bust holds here the place of honor and to whose work the Chateau Laurier is a further tribute.

This steel road of his imagining has been flung across the plains to the foot of the Rockies; already the summit has been attained and the Yellowhead Pass invaded, and from Prince Rupert the road is being run East, soon to unite Atlantic and Pacific.

restful appearance of guest chambers and public rooms, each with a beauty of its own—the beauty of nice adaptation to purpose. In each one the exact note is caught—the decoration satisfies the eye—and throughout reigns a simplicity more costly than the most lavish "decor"—the intuitive simplicity of good taste; and with this air of quiet luxury, mingles a feeling



THE IRREGULAR ROOF-OUTLINE IS ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PERIOD. NOTICE THE LITTLE WINDOWS HIGH AMONG THE TILES

Linked up to this great system, an integral part of it, is the Chateau Laurier hotel, standing,—in very deed a castle,—on the brink of a precipice, foursquare to the winds. In equipment, of course, it is the "last word"—embodying every known device for the safety and comfort of guests; this is a matter of mechanics. But in architecture and decoration, the hotel is the most modern expression of Canadian art. What is the distinctive note—the characteristic feature?

You have wandered within its walls noting the many windows—as if the architects had said—"A pleasant thing it is to see the sun"—and observing the

of dignity nothing akin to display.

And the exterior—in a background of blue hills and rippling river; patches of woodland and paths winding into cool shadows;—this too is devoid of the commonplace. But let me place you where we once stood for a while beyond the canal; and gazing upwards—grasp in one view the soaring perspective of the whole. From terrace to tower the fabric mirrors the taste of a people who, while yet in the flush of a commercial youth have created a work of that art which is the most national of all the Arts, a work which we may well fancy will draw a tribute of admiration from other nations.

No More of Me You Knew

By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

I AM a woman—that doesn't astonish you. I am Irish by descent—my name and my quick temper may have led you to suppose that, and you like me all the better for it; and the latter quality I have mentioned you can sympathize with as well as any man I know.

Over and above all this (I dare say I shall be ungrammatical occasionally, women usually are when they try to tell a long story)I am an old maid. Now you are astonished, not at the fact, but at my acknowledging it cheerfully and boldly.

You want me to tell you something about myself—some of my experiences. By the way, that's a ridiculous word, and doesn't mean anything, but it sounds well enough—so let it go.

You think I have had a romance, and you want to hear it. Of course, I know what you'll do—you'll alter my name, and put me in a story, long nose, angular form, and all. You needn't take the trouble to deny it; I shouldn't believe you if you did. You would put your grandmother in a story without hesitation or reverence, and tell your own worst escape unblushingly, if you could make money out of it, or gain the credit of having written a brilliant article.

Bah! I know the whole tribe of you—but I don't care. Light your pipe, take the easy chair, and imagine me eighteen, for that is where I shall begin.

I was not a handsome girl; I had fine eyes and beautiful hair; I was straight and well made, and I was unusually clever. I was a very proud creature, and though few people suspected it, a very sensitive one, with a great longing to be loved by my relations and friends—and I never thought I got as much affection as I deserved.

I had a sister two years older than myself—she was very pretty, and a wit. I had a sister two years younger—she was a beauty, and a fool. My father adored the elder girl, my mother worshipped the other; and my astute parents agreed in just two things—in underrating me, and hating each other.

Nobody wanted me to be born, though I am sure they need not have blamed me, since I never asked the privilege of being brought into this tiresome old world; but, somehow, both father and mother seemed to think it was my fault.

You see I made my appearance just at the wrong time, when my parents were fretting most under the yoke that bound them together. My father was very tired of his wife, and my mother was horribly jealous of her husband, and neither of them was prepared to

love a child upon which the other had any claim.

By the time my younger sister was born, the keen edge of their mutual anger and rebellion had worn off, and my mother, falling into invalid ways, was sufficiently solitary to open her heart to the new-comer, and love her with all the fervor that a weak woman can put into an affection which centers upon one object, and is essentially selfish.

There we were, still rich enough to be comfortable—might have been much more so if my father had not possessed the happiest faculty for spending money, and my mother had been able to carry her marvellous theories of economy into practice.

We lived up the St. Lawrence, near enough town to have frequent visitors, and go down occasionally for gayeties, and my father staid at home as little as possible—like most men.

I said I was eighteen. Margaret, then twenty, was engaged to a rich man, a good deal older than herself. Lucy was insisting, with all the wilfulness of sixteen, on considering herself quite too old to be tied down to lessons and girlish restraints any longer, and gave my mother no peace until she was allowed to take her place as an eligible young lady—I mean eligible for flirtation and matrimony.

So, between the cool assumption of the engaged sister and the charming selfishness of the younger, I came poorly off for my share in the way of dress and money; and as I was too proud to tease, it grew to be an understood thing that I cared nothing for society or amusements.

"Of course, you'll be an old maid," Margaret always said to me; "you were born for that. Never mind, you'll be a good sort of old thing, and if I ever should have children, an old-maid aunt will be just what I shall need to interest herself in them; and you may be sure father will spend every cent he owns before he leaves this mortal sphere."

And Lucy said:

"Here, Peggy, do alter this dress for me, that's a duck! I am the youngest and the prettiest, and you ought to be willing to help me."

They always called me Peggy, though the nickname ought to have been my elder sister's, for I was baptized Helen.

"I wish you'd study Greek," my father said, as a standing joke; "you've just the nose for it, Peggy."

"It's no use talking, Peggy," sang my mother, "somebody has got to manage the house. Margaret won't, Lucy is not fit, and you know what my health is—so do try and show that you have some natural affection and gratitude in you. And, oh, Peggy! don't look that way—you do so remind me of your father's sister; and if ever I hated mortal woman, it was that old cat."

There's a whole volume in these four speeches. You can understand what my life was just as well as if I took pages to descant upon my troubles. I was not a bit in the situation of a heroine in a novel. Nobody persecuted me—they were all fond of me, after a fashion, only they were not used to considering me of any real importance. I was a superfluity, in fact, and must pay for it.

In a great many families you will see one child that there seems no exact place for—that was my case. I got in the habit of regarding myself in that light; I was an inadventure, or an accident—and that was all about it.

So I did what I could with my life, of course, in a blind enough sort of way, for there was no one to help me or set me right. I do not mean to lie; I was not an angel of patience, and I had very little predisposition toward martyrdom. Sometimes my temper flamed up, and I went through a process that my father roughly called "playing the deuce;" and they were all glad to stand from under at such seasons; but they punished me for it after by cold looks and sneering words. I always tried to make up for such wickedness by being more attentive to my duties, and more patient, and was half inclined to think it was my own fault that I was not more loved and regarded.

That was Helen Kilduff at eighteen. My birthday came early in the spring,

and the summer that followed was the beginning of my romance.

Nobody suspected it, but I was an inveterate dreamer. My every-day life was so bare and distasteful that I got in the habit of living in a romance; and I think the chief of the tribe of sensation-writers never wove more wonderful plots, and put in more startling incidents than I into my silent novels. I was passionately fond of fiction and poetry. I was under that cold, shy exterior, the most impulsive, warm-hearted thing; and I had grown so accustomed to living in my ideal world, that I think the most startling event arising to change the tenor of my existence would have appeared to me perfectly natural.

I meant to do wonderful things in those days—write books, paint pictures, go on the stage, be a Sister of Charity, go into a mad-house, die early. Oh! you know the whole rigmarole. As we grow out of our youth we laugh at such dreams and fancies—perhaps we might better mourn over the lost power of indulging in such enthusiasm.

It was the loveliest June day imaginable. I had been busy all the morning in the laundry, for Lucy was going away for a week, and the woman would be careless about her fluted dresses—sewing on Margaret's outfit—writing a letter to my father—helping my mother through a neuralgic headache; and at last I was free, and went out into the late afternoon for a breath of fresh air.

I went off to the woods, up on the hill, and sat there and dreamed my dream, and wondered when the change and the magician would come. It was time to go home all too soon—my father was coming up that night, and would bring a friend with him, and a late dinner, properly served, must be ready.

I could laugh at the jumble of the romantic and the practical. Luckily for me I could see the ludicrous side of things; I started up—ran down the hill—hit my foot against a stump—fell—rolled over—heard a cry of dismay—opened my eyes, and found myself in the arms of a young man. Yes, indeed! and as handsome a young man as ever helped a young woman out of a scrape in any novel.

Later I learned that he had been fishing and was just returning with his creel when he saw me stumble.

"Are you hurt?" demanded he.

"I think not," said I, and tried to stand, and could not, and tried to laugh, and felt myself grow sick and pale, and knew that I had sprained my ankle. There's an incident at last—as I am not a heroine you must excuse its lack of originality.

"You are hurt?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"What can I do? There's a house down there—"

"It's my father's, and I want to go there," I interrupted, and longed to scream, but did not.

"Where are you hurt?" I believe he asked next.

"I've sprained my ankle, I'm afraid," I said, as quietly as I could; and then he looked very helpless, naturally, being a man.

To cut the matter short, he helped me home; and when we reached the veranda, there stood my father and his friend, and Margaret's betrothed, all just arrived, and Margaret herself.

I took that opportunity to faint away for the first, and almost the last time in my life; so I can't tell you how the handsome man made his explanations.

When I came to myself I was lying on a sofa in the sitting-room. Margaret was standing by me, with a camphor-bottle in her hand, and a disgusted expression on her face. One of the maids was unlacing my boot, and hurting me so dreadfully that I screamed, and my father was looming near.

"She's better," said he. "When a woman can scream, she's all right. I've sent for the doctor, Peg; you'd better get to bed. A fine dinner we shall get—women never do have any consideration."

"I never knew such a girl," grumbled Margaret. "Oh, dear! To go tumbling down hills like a great boy! I'm very sorry about your ankle; but don't scream, it makes me faint! And I'm so sick with this camphor. Mary can help you up stairs. Do just see this bracelet Mr. Forsyth has brought me."

Off she went, and I went to bed; and the doctor came, and I had not really

sprained my ankle. So the next day I could limp down stairs; but I was only fit to lie on the sofa, and there was nobody to mind me, for Margaret was busy with Mr. Forsyth, and Lucy was packing. They were all very sorry for me; but they all felt that it was inconsiderate of me to have met with such an accident at such a time.

"How could you do it, Peggy!" expostulated my mother. "To go rolling about and falling over a strange young man."

I felt that it was indiscreet, and was tolerably meek about it. Lucy started on her visit that morning; and in the course of the day up came my handsome young man to inquire after me.

His name was Walter Rodney. He was an artist, and he knew my father slightly; and father introduced him to me, and went off to play billiards with old Mr. Edwards, and Walter Rodney sat a long time with me, and—I didn't hesitate from modesty or effect. Talking about it all makes it seem so recent and fresh, that I was near crying a little, though I am thirty-five.

This was just it! He looked straight into my soul with those beautiful eyes; he talked to me and in his words, the very sound of his voice, my soul recognized a new but perfectly familiar language, a voice that appealed to something deep within my heart, and my whole being cried out in answer.

That may be nonsensical, but it is true! I went straight off into dreamland, and I say, thank God! That love has brought me all the real trouble of my life. I have endured through it every form of suffering, pain, separation—worst of all, suspense; but I say, thank God that I have known it! I shall say it with my last breath here. I believe it will be the first hymn of gratitude my soul shall utter in the hereafter.

He sat with me for a long time. I think we talked from the first like old acquaintances. I caught a glimpse of his choicest dreams and hopes, and understood and sympathized with them, and he knew that I did so.

I am rather a plain old maid, with a long nose; but I believe that each soul sent into this world has its rightful mate, if only it can find it—and I had met mine; that means more than anything else I could tell you if I talked for an hour.

He was gone. I heard him laughing with my father in the hall; heard him invited back—urged to come frequently. Then his step went out through the vestibule, and my soul followed him.

There's an old song they used to sing of a lover who loved and rode away,

> A lightsome eye,
> A soldier's mien,
> A feather of the blue—
> No more of me you knew, my love,
> No more of me you knew!

I knew no more of Walter Rodney than that, yet it was as if I had known him always.

The next thing was father and Mr. Edwards talking, and it was about him.

"He's a wonderfully agreeable young fellow," said the old bachelor; "but you know his reputation?"

"Oh, I know!" answered my father, carelessly. "He's half society man, half Bohemian—awfully fast, and all that; but he's very amusing, and as he'll only be here a fortnight, we may as well have the fun of his society. Margaret is disposed of, Lucy is gone; and he's not likely to look at Peg's big nose—let him come."

Mr. Edwards said something I did not catch, but my father replied:

"Nonsense! Peggy is too busy with her books and her housekeeping to think about flirtation—don't believe she even knows the meaning of the word! The best girl in the world, but a born old maid. Bless you, he'd never think twice about her, and she'd only be bored and frightened if he did."

After awhile I got up and limped to the glass. Was I so plain? This new revelation had made its impress on my face already—I could see it. I was not handsome, like my sisters; but it was not the dull, cold face my father thought it. For the first time I knew that I had magnificent hair—it's just as lovely still. For the first time I felt that the eyes that looked at me out of the glass were much better worth possessing than a pretty woman's prettiness. Then I got away from the

"HOW COULD YOU DO IT, PEGGY?" EXPOSTULATED MY MOTHER. "TO GO ROLLING ABOUT ON A HILL-SIDE AND FALLING OVER A STRANGE YOUNG MAN!"

mirror, a little startled at the strange look that had flashed into them.

I did not tell myself that I loved this man. I did not know it. I was a woman; but I went away up into my heaven, and the glory of his face followed me, and the music of his voice thrilled my soul with a melody that has never left me solitary since.

Two weeks went by—two whole weeks; so brief a space, and yet they held a whole eternity. I have been away down into the depths since then. Oh! I have suffered even if I do say it quietly; but in the very bitterest paroxysm of my agony, yes, in the hours when man and heaven seemed most cruel, I was never wicked enough to deny that I had had a great happiness given to me.

If all coming time should be a blank to me, I was always ready to own that my life had not been wasted. I had loved and been beloved—I had been happy. Other people spread their happiness thin to make it poorly cover a life; I had mine in one glorious avalanche—I never denied that.

Two weeks, and before they were gone, he told me that he loved me—told me the whole story of his life, his errors, his failures, his sins; and I, a woman, loved him all the better because I could pity him.

He was very young, too—only twenty-three; so ambitious, so noble, with his boyish follies falling away from him, and the real nature developing itself and longing to grow toward the light. A genius—you know what a reputation he has made since. Warm-hearted and loving as a woman, generous and wayward as a man; hot-headed, passionate, bad-tempered, ill brought up; familiar with life in all its phases—his own master for years. The only wonder was that he was not worse. Proof enough, except to the willfully blind, how fine his nature was from the fact that, after all he had gone through, he could still love goodness, and long to turn toward the light and the truth.

Lucy came back. For two days she tried her powers of flirtation on him, and he treated her as if she had been a pretty doll. Then she turned about and detested him with all the venom of a weak character; for, though a fool, she was a woman, and, therefore, certain there was a cause for his conduct, and quick to find it out.

There is no meanness of which a mean woman is not capable, from listening at doors to opening letters. Lucy did both, and when she knew the whole truth, she went straight to my father.

He flew into one of his horrible tempers. My mother wrung her hands and lamented over me as if I had disgraced the family, and she had always expected it; and Lucy, uncomfortable at the storm she had raised, took refuge in the conviction that it had been her duty, and so was able to be properly virtuous and severe.

"A miserable, penniless scamp," cried my father. "Over head and ears in debt! And only yesterday Edwards told me he wanted to marry you himself."

This was after a great deal of talk and repetition, on his part, that the real secret of his anger came out. He had always expected me to be an old maid, and was proportionately delighted when he learned the honor Mr. Edwards intended me.

"And he is coming up to-morrow," said he; "and here you are fancying yourself in love with that scapegrace."

"That I should live to bear it!" moaned my mother. "Twenty thousand a year, at least, thrown away."

"Thrown away?" repeated my father, turning on her. "I have known for years that you were an utter idiot, madam; but you needn't think I am! The girl shall marry Mr. Edwards, if I drag her into the church."

By that time, between despair and rage, I was desperate, and his own defiant spirit was fully aroused in me.

More sneers, more threats from him; and at last I poured out the bitterness and grief of my whole life.

"You never cared for me," I said; "you never treated me as your child! I have been neglected, scorned all my life and now you come with this new outrage."

It is no use to go over that dreadful scene. I know how wicked I was—God forgive me and them!

And in the midst of it Lucy, from the window, called out that Rodney was coming up the path. My father turned both the women out of the room; admitted Rodney himself, and then burst out on him. He called him very vile names; he brought up every story against him—every idle report; and for my sake that man bore it.

"I do not deny that I have been reckless and wild," he said; "but I love her! Look at her—she loves me. Don't take from us our one hope of happiness! We will wait—we will be patient; but, for God's sake, be merciful!"

Merciful! Is any man in this century capable of being so where money is concerned?

LUCY LISTENED AT DOORS AND OPENED LETTERS UNTIL SHE KNEW THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND THEN SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO MY FATHER

The end came at last.

"Leave my house!" my father ordered. "You shall never have her! You have defied me. Let me see if she dares to go to you with my curse on her head."

"Helen!" Walter called.

I went straight to his side. If there had been a gulf of fire between me and him, I should have gone through it when his soul called out to me in a tone like that.

My father tried to force me away with an oath.

"Let her alone," cried Walter Rodney; "it is the last time I shall speak to her. I do not know if she would consent, but I would not take her from

you—have your way. Only this, Helen, believe that I have loved you, that I have told you the truth! Whatever comes—whatever stories they tell, believe that."

"I will!" I answered. "And now hear me, father—listen! This man is going away forever—I love him! I swear before heaven that I will be as true to him as if I were his wife!"

He held me in his arms—I felt his kisses rain down on cheek and lips. I heard my father's voice in wilder passion; then Walter Rodney was gone. I neither fainted or went mad—people have to live when such suffering comes.

The summer passed. Margaret was married; Lucy was sent off to amuse herself under the care of a friend. I lived and bore my burden.

For a whole year I was persecuted to marry Mr. Edwards. He gave up at last, for I appealed to him in my father's presence to leave me alone, if he had either manly decency, or human feeling

My father did not kill me—that is all I can say.

On through the years! I was twenty-one; Lucy married; my mother died; my father and I were alone in the old house. He never softened—never forgave me during all those years. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that, after the time when he ceased to be violent and abuse me, he did not speak to me from one twelvemonth to another, except when it was absolutely necessary.

He had never been a good man. He lived until I was twenty-three; then he died from the effects of a fall from a horse

He was sick for a fortnight. My sisters came home once during the time for a day each. I took care of him; and at the last I think he knew he was dying, and I think he tried to speak to me, and to say there was no harsh feeling left in his heart, but the words were only broken and indistinct.

"Where I was wrong, father," I said, "forgive me. Where you were wrong, I forgive, too; and I think heaven will pardon us both."

He smiled. From that hour he grew more tranquil and died very quietly at last, holding my hand in his.

There was very little left—even the old house had to go to settle his debts. But I was spared poverty and dependence—a moderate fortune was left me by a relative.

Since we parted, no communication had passed between Walter Rodney and myself. He had been in Europe—in the East; had painted good pictures; was winning a name—the public journals told me that.

Two months after my father's death he came to America; heard that I was alone, and came straight to find me. I was still in the old house. Lucy was with me—she had just learned of my having a fortune left, and had come to visit me. She was very angry because I would not save the homestead. I did not want the place, and her husband refused to purchase it as she wished. She wanted me to buy it and settle it on her son.

Walter Rodney came. In this world the most tragic events of our lives are usually linked with some incident that is either paltry or ludicrous. I was in my bath-room—in the bath. One of the women came to the door and knocked, and said it was a gentleman's card—he wished to see me instantly.

I told her to push it under the door; reached out my arm and got the card—it was his.

"Say I will dress and come down," I cried, too wild to know what I said.

It seemed to me as if I consumed ages in dressing. I could not get my clothes on—I could not arrange my hair. The more I tried to hasten, the slower my icy fingers moved. When I was nearly ready, I upset a pitcher of water over myself. I bruised my hand: I met with every drawback that was conceivable.

I think I must have been nearly an hour getting myself into a state so that it was possible for me to go down stairs. I rushed into my sitting-room—Lucy sat there.

"Where is Walter?" I shrieked.

"Gone," she said. "I did not know he was here. I came in, and he burst out on me, saying that he had loved you all these years; had come to you, and

you could send him word you had gone to dress; you could keep him waiting after all this time to adorn yourself."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"What could I say? I thought it was better he should go—a beggarly painter; and you know Mr. Pierrepont wants to marry you."

I sent after him. He had gone—no trace. I wrote to New York to a friend of his—no answer. I waited three days; I was a woman and could do no more. The third morning Lucy read aloud from a paper that Walter Rodney had sailed for Europe, on his way to the East.

I gave way then. I was suffering from a violent cold—a fever followed. I was confined to my bed for weeks, so ill and shattered that, cold weather having set in, the doctor ordered me not to leave the house. Lucy had left me, afraid that the fever was contagious. I lived through that winter. I cannot tell you how—but I lived.

When spring came delivered, and Europe [illegible] deliver plunged to disaster with an umbrella, he expressed logic—sound, sober logic. To-day, man flies, and flies extensively.

In the same manner, when Canadian, American and English capitalists spent $904,000 in an endeavor to develop the industry of peat-production in Canada and failed, they operated with logic—sound, sober logic. The only trouble was that the logic wouldn't work. To-day, the Canadian government has succeeded in producing peat on a commercial scale, after years of experiment. As proof of this accomplishment, 1,000 tons of this new fuel have been sold to the residents of Ottawa at the ton price of $3.50, as against $7.50 a ton for hard coal. The demand far exceeds the supply. But, oddly enough, the very success of the Government has caused the abandonment of the enterprise. Capitalists, ever alive to a promising field of investment, have decided to erect a huge plant near Ottawa. It is an unwritten law that Government never enters into competition with a private industry. Thus, with the abandonment of its plant, are concluded the most interesting series of experiments in recent

soul in purgatory ever raised one more hopeless and despairing.

"Heaven have mercy on me!" he groaned. "Helen—I am married!"

There we met and parted. It was very brief—very quiet. He told me all that Lucy had said—I was inclined to marry Mr. Pierrepont—he had better go away. He could see for himself that I had no good news for him; that I shrunk from the meeting, since I could keep him waiting on so frivolous a pretext.

We met there and parted. He held my hand in his. I was the stronger then. I tried to remind him of the life beyond—of the hope of meeting there; but he could only feel the agony of the living death of that hour.

"Never to meet in this world?" he repeated. "And my madness has done it!"

I could not bear that, it was too much. [illegible]

"experiments that proved it feasible to produce peat for commercial purposes in Canada.

The public as yet knows little of peat production. Yet experts declare that it may yet become the chief fuel in Canada and some parts of the United States, and as an industry it has come to stay.

I have stated that peat was produced and sold at $3.50 a ton. But this was not done without a long season of obstacles and discouragements, of experiments that failed. For many years much interest has been displayed in the peat bogs of Canada, especially since the provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba possess no coal deposits and no known lignite deposits of economic value. While peat has been manufactured in those European countries possessing a similar coal-deposit problem to that of Canada, little was known in this country of those processes which proved (after long and costly experiment) successful and economical, and which became the basis of the successful peat industry in Sweden, Russia and Germany. On this account, many of those who interested themselves in the peat question in Canada either depended on processes of their own, or relied on others

swept aside—we had been back in the glory of that first dream. I believe some angel mercifully sent it, to give us strength.

It was all over. He clasped my hands a little closer, looked once more in my face, and said:

"Go your way, now, and let me go mine."

We neither said farewell. Once again he pronounced my name—

"Helen!"

The old, old voice, with the old tenderness ringing through it; then, before the mists cleared from my eyes, he was gone—and I stood there alone in the silence of the night.

I was twenty-three years old then—I am thirty-five now. Oh! you poor weaver of the imaginary sorrows of imaginary beings, try and realize it—those years—those years!

I think I have been neither wicked or weak. I think I have had faith in God throughout—and lo you, the end! Two weeks ago I was sitting in this very room, when the door opened, and, without warning, Walter Rodney stood before me. I had known that he would come. Months and months before I had learned the tidings of his wife's death. There was no sign from him. When it was right for him to come he came.

Hark! Did you hear the bell—now, then, a step? That is his! See! here he comes—my handsome Walter still!

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Peat—A Problem Solved

HOW THE GOVERNMENT HAS BROUGHT FUEL AT $3.50 A TON TO THE HOUSEWIFE OF EASTERN CANADA

By James J. Larkin

Illustrated from Photographs

WHEN that famous bon-mot, "The birds can fly, so why can't I ?" was delivered, and its legendary deliver plunged to disaster with an umbrella, he expressed logic—sound, sober logic. To-day, man flies, and flies extensively.

In the same manner, when Canadian, American and English capitalists spent $904,000 in an endeavor to develop the industry of peat-production in Canada and failed, they operated with logic—sound, sober logic. The only trouble was that the logic wouldn't work. To-day, the Canadian government has succeeded in producing peat on a commercial scale, after years of experiment. As proof of this accomplishment, 1,000 tons of this new fuel have been sold to the residents of Ottawa at the ton price of $3.50, as against $7.50 a ton for hard coal. The demand far exceeds the supply. But, oddly enough, the very success of the Government has caused the abandonment of the enterprise. Capitalists, ever alive to a promising field of investment, have decided to erect a huge plant near Ottawa. It is an unwritten law that Government never enters into competition with a private industry. Thus, with the abandonment of its plant, are concluded the most interesting series of experiments in recent years from an industrial viewpoint—the experiments that proved it feasible to produce peat for commercial purposes in Canada.

The public as yet knows little of peat production. Yet experts declare that it may yet become the chief fuel in Canada and some parts of the United States, and as an industry it has come to stay.

I have stated that peat was produced and sold at $3.50 a ton. But this was not done without a long season of obstacles and discouragements, of experiments that failed. For many years much interest has been displayed in the peat bogs of Canada, especially since the provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba possess no coal deposits and no known lignite deposits of economic value. While peat has been manufactured in those European countries possessing a similar coal-deposit problem to that of Canada, little was known in this country of those processes which proved (after long and costly experiment) successful and economical, and which became the basis of the successful peat industry in Sweden, Russia and Germany. On this account, many of those who interested themselves in the peat question in Canada either depended on processes of their own, or relied on others

THE END ELEVATION OF A PEAT MACHINE SHOWING THE ELEVATOR WHICH CARRIES THE PEAT OUT OF THE TRENCH, MEN AT WORK DIGGING THE PEAT AND THE TRACK ON WHICH THE CARS TRAVEL WHICH HAUL THE PEAT AWAY

who claimed to have an adequate technical knowledge of the manufacture of peat fuel.

In Canada, too, there was—and is—a national aspect to the industry. The comfort of the three provinces of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba, is declared to be absolutely at the mercy of the United States. Anthracite and bituminous coals are found only on the Atlantic seaboard and in the far west. Freight rates from both these points are prohibitive, and the use of Canadian coal in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa is therefore out of the question. Consequently, the people of these three great cities must pay $7.50 for a ton of United States coal. In Manitoba, the price is $10.50 a ton; and only a few years ago labor troubles in Pennsylvania forced the price of coal in Ottawa up to $12.50 a ton.

In Carlyle's "French Revolution" the familiar story is told that when the starving mob attacked the palace, shouting, "Give us bread!" the young princess, glancing over the parapet, remarked, "Why don't they eat cake?" With something like the same intelligence, Canadians are sometimes told that, deprived of coal, they can burn wood. Yet so scarce is wood becoming that the cost in Winnipeg of the poorest quality of spruce and tamarack is from $6.00 to $8.00 a cord. Wood is out of the question, too.

Nor is the fuel problem in Central Canada new. Keen men, years ago remembering that Ireland used peat extensively and that there were 36,000 acres of peat bogs in the middle provinces, set to work and developed methods and machinery for converting the peat into fuel. Nearly one million dollars have been spent in attempts to work the Canadian peat bogs but only miserable failure resulted. The money might as well have been thrown away. Here is a partial list of some of these enterprises:

Brunner, Ont. near Stratford (three companies).
Perth, Ont., near Ottawa
Brockville, Ont.
London, Ont. (thirty years ago).
Welland, Ont. (Senator Geo. A. Cox and associates).
Dorchester, Ont.
Beaverton, Ont.
Toronto and Guelph, Ont.
Farnham, Que. (Chicago capitalists headed by a Mr. Morrison).
Galt, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man. (Lac Du Bonnet peat plant).
Fort Francis, Ont.
Rondeau, Ont.

As mentioned above this list does

not contain all the enterprises in which unfortunate individuals have sought to make money in an attempt to mulsify and squeeze and artificially dry peat in order to reduce the eighty-five per cent., of water it usually contains, down to, say, twenty-five per cent., and then to transform the residue into bricks as a substitute for coal. So many people have been hit in the endeavor to establish a peat fuel industry in Canada that until recently it was more or less dangerous to mention peat in commercial circles.

However, it was inevitable that the matter could not stay as it was, for the fuel problem was as serious as ever. In addition, to allow 3,600 square miles of peat bogs having a calorific value equal to 14,000,000 tons of coal to lie unused was like flying in the face of Providence.

This was the view of Dr. Eugene Haanel, Dominion Director of Mines, when visiting Europe in 1904 with a commission investigating electric smelting. In Northern Europe he found that they were actually manufacturing and consuming 15,000,000 tons of peat fuel annually, for in Norway, Sweden and parts of Russia they were as bad off for coal as was and is Central Canada. Here they had brought peat production down to a science.

Adopting the wise policy of starting where Europe left off he sent a special commissioner to Northern Europe, and the results were published. But there is an axiom that "a wise child dreads the fire" and in this case no capitalist cared to take advantage of the information supplied in the report. They believed that peat production in this country was a rank failure.

Now Dr. Haanel persuaded the Minister of Mines to have the Government install a plant at Alfred, Ont., some few miles from Ottawa. Accordingly machinery and appliances known to have given best results in Sweden were installed on three hundred acres of Government owned bog.

The outcome has been very gratifying to Dr. Haanel and the Government. It has been shown that air-dried fuel (of which 1.8 tons is equal to one ton of the best coal) suitable for household use can be manufactured in commercial quantities at a cost that will compare favorably with the best American coal. During 1910 some 1,600 tons of air-dried peat fuel were made at Alfred, five hundred tons of which were sold in Ottawa for domestic purposes at $3.25 and $3.50 a ton.

In this connection over ninety-five per cent. of the purchasers expressed themselves by letter to the Canadian Peat Society Secretary as being entirely satisfied. In fact the new fuel has become so popular that last season 1,000 tons were purchased, money in advance, and many more orders could have been secured. In addition to this several carloads were sent out to other centres.

That the methods and appliances employed by Dr. Haanel have been the best obtainable is proven by the fact that the work has been eulogised by the Minister of Militia, Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes, and has received the unqualified endorsement of Professor Chas. A. Davis, of Washington, D.C., peat expert to the United States Government and was unanimously acclaimed by the American Peat Society at its meeting in Ottawa during July, 1910.

In consequence of this endorsement by many experts it was but natural

THE PEAT-DRYING FIELD, SHOWING THE METHOD OF AIR-DRYING THE PEAT BRICQUETTES TO FIT THEM FOR BURNING. ONE OF THE HARDEST PROBLEMS OF PRACTICAL PEAT PRODUCTION HAS BEEN THE REDUCTION OF ITS 85% OF WATER TO ABOUT 25%.

that attention should again be drawn towards the commercial side of the industry. Nor was this interest slow in making itself manifest. For Dr. Haanel received the crowning proofs that his efforts had met with the greatest success when J. M. Shuttleworth, of Brantford, Ont., and associate capitalists after a thorough investigation of the Government plant became so convinced that the methods employed by the Government meant commercial success that they contracted to continue the work at Alfred and spend $50,000 or more in trying an improved Anrep peat machine with which is combined a mechanical excavator, field press and stumping apparatus.

The power for driving this machine and for generating the electricity for lighting the field at night is derived from peat, hence the plant is self-contained. Messrs. Shuttleworth and company calculate on making 15,000 tons of high grade fuel during each summer.

When the Director of Mines began his pioneer work, the peat fuel industry in Canada was as dead as the proverbial door nail; but the practical results obtained at Alfred have so stirred the imagination of industrial Canada that companies are now being organized to exploit and develop the great peat bogs in the middle Provinces.

J. B. Lagarie, representing Montreal interests, made an offer to buy the entire Government plant but the reply was that it was not for sale. Since the Government purchased the entire 300 acres at a ludicrously low figure it was deemed wise to hold them, as further experiments might be needed.

The syndicate which secured control of the plant was fortunate for since then H. P. Timmerman, Industrial Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has requested the Government to state its price for the entire holdings at Alfred. He stated that he was acting for interested capitalists and not for the C. P. R. "If," wrote Mr. Timmerman, "we are able to continue on commercial lines the industry which the Government has so successfully put in operation, it will prove the best incentive to the carrying out of similiar works elsewhere." It was also stated that the objects of the capitalists was to supply Montreal with the new fuel.

Such is the history of peat production in Canada, but how is this new fuel made? In the first place there is little about the operation that would excite the curiosity of the ordinary

sight-seer. A treeless, stumpless bog there is: stretching generally for miles with a gang of men at work, for all the world like a number of workmen engaged in excavating for building purposes—an aspect that is intensified by the fact that the ground has been carefully cleared of all underbrush, pieces of wood and rubbish.

At the Government peat plant there are many trenches; cables running everywhere; truck-cars standing on an almost circular stretch of track and an engine—everything with that make-shift appearance that characterizes construction equipment, as though it might be moved at any moment. And it frequently is.

But a closer view reveals a perfect method of operation. Down into this bog, which has been carefully drained, dig a number of men who deposit the soft peat into iron boxes linked together in an endless chain in the fashion of a treadmill, and which reach from the bottom of this trench into the open side of a caboose on wheels above. Drawn into this caboose, these buckets of peat are overturned around a wheel when turning to revolve back to the bottom of the ditch and the peat is thus thrown into a larger receptacle. The latter is then drawn out on a cable from another side of the caboose at right angles to the chain of buckets and it deposits its contents into a small truck car waiting on the tracks beneath.

The moment this car is filled it is sent away along the semi-circular rails for perhaps two hundred yards. When it arrives where it is wanted, a lever on the side of the car is pulled and the wet peat is automatically dumped upon a platform where a number of men await it. Here it is thoroughly mixed and then spread out at uniform depth to dry. This is one of the most important features of peat production —air-drying, the absence of which has meant failure to many of these enterprises.

This completed, the peat, without being moved, is cut into blocks on the ground and when sufficiently dry, is hauled to the storage shed. Now it is ready in assisting to produce warmth and good cheer for the cold, as well as meals for the hungry.

This whole system—that is, the chain of trench buckets; the carriers that convey the peat into the truck-cars; the truck-cars themselves; the platform upon which the peat is mixed at a considerable distance away and the cars which haul the finished product to the storage shed—is now operated by an engine in the caboose stationed over the trench where digging is going on.

Another advantage of the new machine recently installed is that while the old peat excavator turned out thirty tons of peat a day the latest acquisition in machinery not only produces from sixty to eighty tons daily but also dispenses with the services of eleven men and three boys.

In order to manufacture peat on a commercial scale, hand-digging or excavating must be replaced by mechanical excavators and the labor cost in general reduced as much as possible.

Under the conditions at the Government peat bog, peat cannot be manufactured, including all expenses, for less than two dollars per ton stacked on the field but when mechanical excavators are employed and the output is reasonably large the above figure will be materially reduced,

allowing the peat to be sold at a moderate figure and still allowing good profit for those manufacturing and handling it.

Peat powder is the latest development in the industry and it is not unlikely that the Government may before long start experiments in this connection. An extensive plant has been erected at the back peat bog near Ljungley, Sweden, for the manufacture of this powder for heating purposes. The inventor states that the cost of manufacture will not exceed $2.10 a ton and that the cost of a complete plant with a capacity of 20,000 tons annually will be about $100,000 (not including a bog and the transportation of peat).

Who then, can tell what is the future of this young industry? Is it, like coal, to prove so generally indispensable and yet so simple that its production and use will be regarded merely as a matter of fact? The next few years should surely tell.

WAITING

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IN the dull earth are housed leaf, bloom and all,
Waiting till they be roused by that soft call
Which trembles through the earth and wakes each thing
To its fair, newer birth which men call Spring.

The fields are bleak and chill, the wood is bare;
The ice has locked the rill, the very air
Is void of light and cheer but all these bide
Till gay Spring shall appear all merry eyed.

Earth's somber arms enfold the flower host,
The blooms of red and gold we love the most;
Beneath the sheathing snow are bound, and pent
The apple blossoms' glow and orchard scent.

One day shall come the word that sets them free,
So faint it is not heard of you or me,
Yet they shall hear and heed the subtle call:
Then bud, and blade, and seed shall waken all.
So, underneath each frown there waits a smile
That may not be crushed down but for awhile!
Below the silence waits the laugh and song
Which all our wintry hates may not hide long.

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man. Smith is transferred to Fort McLeod, where he becomes a corporal, and in the spring of the year a horse-breaker, called "Tobacco" Brown, comes to the fort to break the new remounts.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT evening a smoking concert was held in the recreation room at the barracks. This was in ante-license days, but the Governor, who had lately been on a trip through the country, had sent a barrel of beer to treat the boys and it was put on tap for the occasion. By eight o'clock the men, except those on duty, had all assembled, and the room was filled. Many of the detachment men had also come in for the smoker, and to get their horses shod, as was the custom. Great tin pots, filled with beer instead of tea, stood on each table and the troopers lolled about, drinking and smoking and having a good time, while the chairman, the R. S. M., called upon those who could sing or recite to entertain the company. Brown, having now been attached to the Force, was invited, and entered the room accompanied by Sergeant Mack, just as a young man, wearing a corporal's chevrons, ascended the platform to sing. As the pianist struck the opening bars of the accompaniment and

the corporal raised his head and voice to the strains of "Nancy Lee", Brown stopped dead in his tracks and stared as if fascinated. The Sergeant passed on, but Brown stood as if hypnotised until the verse ended. Then, heaving a sigh, he turned to the man next to him, who happened to be his friend, Sergeant Christy, from Kipp, and asked,

"Say, who is that young fellow singing ?"

"Why, how are you, Brown ?" said Christy." That—let me see, he is a new hand here and I am hanged if I know his name,—but Mack will know," and as the remount sergeant joined them, he asked, "Say, Mack, who is the vocalist ? A new man, isn't he ?"

"Yes," said Mack, "Just sent up from Regina. Got a remarkable tenor voice, don't you think so ? They say he captivated all the ladies at headquarters, or something of the sort, which was the reason of his transfer. His name is Smith."

"Smith?" echoed Brown.

"Yes," continued the Sergeant, "That's what he calls himself. But it may not be his right name, ye know. Lots of fellows enlist under assumed names."

Sergeant Christy had been watching Brown with some interest. He seemed ill at ease, but kept his eyes on the singer until he bowed himself off amid loud applause.

"Know the young fellow ?" he asked. "But I guess not. From what I have heard he is not long out from England, and as I think you said you had never been there it's not likely you ever met him."

"No," said Brown, "I don't know him. I met a man once very like him, though, especially the voice. It was that startled me, and the song, 'Nancy Lee' was this other man's favorite too. Many's the time I've heard him sing it. But that was years ago; the man I knew must be old enough to be this one's father. If he is still in the land of the living, I hope to meet him again."

"And then—?" questioned Christy tentatively.

"Then," said Brown with an ugly ring in his voice, "there will be a job for some of you policemen."

So saying he opened the door abruptly and went out.

"Hum !" mused Christy. "There is a mystery about that fellow I can't make out. By the way, Mack, did he tell you how I came to make his acquaintance ?"

"Going to run him in as a vag, weren't you ? Any way, he is all right—knows how to handle bronchoes; and the old man is tickled to death over him. Hullo ! There's young Snowdon, from the creek. Hi, Charlie!

A young man was making his way towards them, through the smoke and the crush. He was dressed in an extremely horsey suit—baggy riding breeches, buttoned at the knee, brown leather puttees and spats, gasometer checked waistcoat, khaki coat and tweed cap. A monocle was screwed into his right eye, held there by wrinkling up the side of his face, as if suffering from an acute attack of neuralgia.

This young gentleman was one of a type common at that day in the Pincher Creek ranching country, but happily long since extinct, or licked by the West into some semblance of manhood.

These were what were called "remittance men"—that is, wasters, whom their families paid a certain quarterly sum to stay away from home in the hope that some day they would be lost in a blizzard or frozen to death by the roadside. But although most of these men played at ranching and sent glowing letters home, telling of their strenuous life on the plains, and their numerous herds of fat cattle, the majority seldom strayed far from the hotel stove in winter, or in summer either, for that matter, unless it was to engage in a mildly exciting polo match with each other.

Charlie Snowdon grasped Mack's hand and shook it listlessly.

"What's the matter, old man ?" asked the Sergeant, "Is your dawg sick, or has your polo pony developed glanders ?"

"Worse than that, old chap," said Charlie, shaking his head mournfully.

"Don't tell me that your herd of

fat cattle has stampeded or that lump jaw has broken out among them?"

"Worse, worse!" sighed Snowdon, "I'm up against it hard. Mack, old chum, I'm clean bowled over."

"Tell us about it, there's a good fellow."

"The mail is just in. You know I have been expecting my remittance for a week past and had arranged with Bill Stanley to make a little trip to Calgary? I've even entered my pony for the races there, which come off next week."

"And now?" questioned Mack.

"Now," sighed Charlie, drawing a crumpled sheet from his pocket, "here's a letter from the guv'nor. He is on his way out to see my herd of five thousand fat ones. Ye know I told him I wanted to buy a few thoroughbred bulls to give blood to my stock, and I asked for a thousand pounds. And now he writes from Winnipeg to say he is spending a few days with an old college friend settled there and will be here in a week."

"Well?"

"Well, don't you see, he will want to see my herds? My fat cattle and my wild cowboys—and I haven't got any cattle nor cowboys and—and—I can see my finish."

"Poor old chap!" sympathised the Sergeant, "It is too bad. But, say, why not borrow some?"

"By Jove," cried Charlie, brightening up, "that's a good idea. By Jove, I must hunt up Fred Carter. I hear he's in town. Ye know, Fred has got the finest ranch in all the Creek country. He is not like us poor beggars. He has to work for his money. But if I can borrow or hire his ranch, cattle, cowboys and all, for about a week, I will be able to bamboozle the guv'nor yet and that thousand quid will materialize after all. That's a rippin' idea. Ta ta, you fellows."

So saying, Charlie hurried away, galvanized for once into something like energy.

A constable at this moment commenced to sing an old time police melody and everybody joined in the chorus, which was to the old negro tune of "Kingdom Coming," and ran somewhat as follows.

Pass the tea-pot round, my boys,
To the guardians of our land,
Bet your life it's not our fault,
If whiskey is contraband.

At the conclusion of this old favorite, the chairman arose, and announced that he himself, would now sing the Mounted Police old stand-by, "Wrap Me Up in My Old Stable Jacket," but first the beer pot would be emptied, to the memory of "Departed Comrades," and, as it was now near Last Post, the band would play "God Save the Queen," and the meeting would disperse, with three cheers for the Governor.

On the word the last of the beer was poured into the glasses and drunk in silence, and the deep baritone of the Sergeant-Major boomed out the well-known chorus, which had been sung for years by the Mounted Police, in barracks and around camp-fire:

Wrap me up in my old stable jacket
And plant me deep under the snow
Sound the Last Post as you carry me out
And sing, here the poor beggar lies low,
Low-o, low-o,
Here the poor beggar lies low.

. . . . . .

The hour was eleven in the morning; the Orderly Room call had just sounded and the defaulters' parade had marched to the O. C's office. The division orderlies had reported to the regimental sergeant-major, who stood on the orderly room steps awaiting the coming of the officers approaching across the square at a leisurely pace, their swords clanking behind them.

The Colonel came hurriedly from his quarters, a bundle of papers in his hand and hastened towards his office, closely followed by an orderly.

"Dismiss the parade," he said in crisp tones, as the R. S. M. brought the men to attention, and saluted. "The orderlies will make their reports to the divisional commanders. I have business of more importance at present. See that the division sergeant-majors furnish at once a list of all horses and men available for instant service, and send Potts to me right away."

The other officers had now reached

"LOOK IN THE GLASS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF,"
RISING TO HIS FEET

SAID THE BRONCHO-BUSTER CURTLY, AND
HE WALKED AWAY

the scene and, judging from the Colonel's manner that something was amiss, they gathered about him as he entered his office.

"Gentlemen," said the O. C., "I have just had despatches from Stand Off and the Porcupines. The Indians are getting ugly, and I fear there is going to be trouble, unless we can nip this incipient rebellion in the bud. As you all know, while Riel was stirring up the Crees and half-breeds in the North, his agents were trying to incite the Bloods and Blackfeet to join him, and it was only by the utmost diplomacy, by presents to the chiefs and by increasing the rations allowed by Government, that we are able to keep them quiet. Chief Crowfoot is unfortunately absent in England, and the government has thought the time ripe to restore the old order of things. The ration has, accordingly, been cut down, and the red brother is both hungry and angry. Some of the young bucks have left the reservations and have been killing cattle on the ranges. Complaints have been coming in, more particularly from the cattle men of the Pincher Creek country, where the Peigans have been actually seen killing and carrying off young steers, under the very noses of our detachments. Inspector Jackson has been to the reserve and ordered the chiefs to deliver up the culprits, and his request has been met by a blunt refusal. He now awaits further instructions. Therefore, Captain Kerrigan, you will take twenty-five men from your division and proceed at once to Jackson's assistance. I have sent for Potts, the interpreter, to go with you and you are to bring back the men wanted, dead or alive."

"Very well, Colonel," said Captain Kerrigan, saluting, "I suppose Mr. Jackson knows the men he wants."

"He or the Agent. I don't myself know just how many are implicated. Ah! Here is Potts," continued the Colonel, as the interpreter entered the room. "You will go at once to the reserve and tell the chiefs of the Peigan nation that they must give up the young men who have been killing cattle. If they refuse there will be no more rations issued until they comply."

Jerry Potts was the chief scout of the Mounted Police, and had more influence with the Western Indians than any other man in the district. He was himself a fullblooded Indian, but had long since adopted the garb and customs of civilization. He was a man of few words, but when he spoke, both white men and red knew he meant what he said.

"All-a-right," he said quietly." Suppose him Bad Young Man, or maybe that Deerfoot, me know um—plenty bad. We catch um."

"That is all," said the Colonel. "Avoid bloodshed, if possible, Captain Kerrigan, but bring those men back if you have to wipe out the whole tribe to get them."

The Captain withdrew, and soon the call of "Boot and Saddle" sounded. In a very short time the detail paraded on the square armed and mounted, ready to march. They were a good-looking lot, their broad brimmed Stetsons pushed well back on their close cropped heads, their well-set-up figures clad in scarlet tunics and blue riding breeches, with top boots and brown leather gauntlets. Their heavy service revolvers were buckled around their waists, and the Winchester carbines strapped to the saddlehorns gave them a workmanlike appearance. Looking them over Captain Kerrigan knew that if the men they were after were above ground he could depend on his command to bring them in, as the Colonel had said, dead or alive.

"Now," said the Colonel, addressing his orderly when Kerrigan and his troop had passed out of the barracks gate and taken the western trail at a smart canter, "find Sergeant Maynard and send him to me."

A few minutes later a bronzed, middle-aged non-com. entered, brought his heels together with a click and saluted. This was the officer in charge of the Stand Off detachment, a man who had grown grey in the service and whose name was greatly respected by every Indian of the Blood nation, for he was totally without fear, and the Indian admires bravery above all else. Many a time he had gone alone

into their very midst and, disregarding their levelled weapons, had, with his own hands, collared his man and brought him away, laughing at their threats and scolding them, as a teacher might a class of naughty children. They had given him an Indian name and stood more in awe of the middle-aged, but still powerful, Sergeant than all of the rest of the police put together.

"Now, Sergeant," said the Colonel, "in just what mood are those devils of Bloods, and what danger, if any, is to be apprehended ?"

"The young men, sir, are in a very ugly mood indeed," replied the Sergeant, "I have talked to the chiefs and am in hopes that no serious outbreak will occur. The whole trouble is in the cutting down of the rations. Some of them have even refused their allowance altogether and, if you will pardon me, sir, I think it would be well if the old standard could be restored for a time."

"Not while they maintain their present attitude," said the Colonel emphatically. "Make it plain to the chiefs that nothing is to be gained by threats and lawlessness. Those men against whom evidence can be found implicating them in cattle killing, must be first given up and punished, before any question of increasing the allowance can be entertained, and if they are not surrendered mighty soon, the supplies will be cut off altogether. The men will be captured, if it takes the whole resources of Canada to do it. Make this plain to the chiefs and, if that does not fetch them, round up every head man and drive them in here. I'll talk to them. Take what men you require and get back to your post without delay."

"If you will pardon me, sir," replied Maynard, "I think I will first see what can be done with the men I have. Should I need more I will send a man in."

"All right. If it were not for this Peigan trouble I would go with you myself," said the dauntless commander, "but I cannot leave the post until Captain Kerrigan comes back. Confound these Indians, anyhow ! They have been made too much of, but I'll teach them to take the law into their own hands—I'll put the fear of death into them—ahem ! That's all, Sergeant."

Maynard saluted and withdrew, and the Colonel was soon busy over the many reports and other official documents that littered his desk.

Half an hour later, Sergeant Maynard, mounted on his black charger Bess, passed out of the gate on the way back to his detachment.

CHAPTER X.

Spring lay upon the land in silver and lilac. The prairie was faintly purple with the furry stems and pale blossoms of the pasque-flower; the bluffs of poplar had shaken out their new little silver leaves; and all the coulees ran with tiny streams among the greening grasses.

Corporal Frank Smith's horse approved of those new grasses, and lunched busily upon them, his bridle dragging, and one eye on his master lest this unaccustomed leisure be cut short. But the man lying quite still on a chalky rock with the soft spring wind ruffling his hair, showed no signs of moving, and Skylark edged discreetly away.

Spring was in his veins, and pulling at him like a live thing. He had ridden Skylark hard to ride it out, and flung himself down here at Bull Springs to reason with himself against it, but all he could think of was Edith's pale face, her head held high in the orderly room among the officers, and a glow in her eyes as she spoke for him. Inexpressibly lonely was the little valley. Hollowed in the soft rock was a rude cave, with bunk and fireplace, where a herder had once brought his young wife from the East, and where, men said, she had gone mad from loneliness. He could reach out and touch her former door-post with his foot as he lay.

"It's no place for a woman," he said aloud, looking critically over the empty gash in the earth where the inch-deep thread of water that they called Bull Springs ran over pale sand, and the killdeers scuttered with pattering feet along the miniature beaches.

There was something poignant in their high, monotonous crying—the soul of the prairie trying to find a voice. The streak of feminine that lies in every man brought very clearly to Smith the picture of the herder's wife, standing at the door of her habitation, alone with the killdeers and the idle clouds and the terror of coming darkness plucking at her heart. He shook his head. "No," he repeated to himself, "It's no place for a woman. Oh, my girl, it's a poor stick you're loving."

"You know who I am, Corporal, don't you ?"

Smith was on his feet with his hand on his revolver in a breath. But it was only "Tobacco" Brown who had come so softly through the sand behind him, and he readjusted himself instantly.

"I think so," he answered. "Although I am not long up from Regina, I've seen you with the remount rides. Your name is Brown, isn't it ?"

The broncho-buster laughed shortly. "As much as yours is Smith. No, don't flare up. It's bad manners to ask too much about a man's name out here. Let's let it go at Smith and Brown. I didn't come here to quarrel about names. Fact is, I'm looking for a man and I thought maybe you could help me find him."

"Indeed ?" said Smith, leaning his shoulders casually against the rock, and eyeing his visitor. "Who is he ?"

For answer, Brown drew out a well-worn wallet, which he opened, and produced an old-fashioned photograph.

"That's the man," he said briefly.

Smith took the picture and studied it carefully. It was that of a man in the uniform of a British cavalry regiment, taken apparently some twenty years before. Handsome the man was, well-built, though a trifle stocky and heavy-shouldered for grace, and with an ugly, out-thrust jaw.

"I'd rather be looking for him than have him looking for me," the Corporal remarked, handing back the photograph.

"You don't know him, eh ?" asked Brown.

"No," he said slowly. "I don't think I have ever met that man. His face seems somewhat familiar—as if I'd seen it in a dream, or had known someone who bore a resemblance to it. But I can't place him."

Again Brown laughed shortly. "Good !" he commented. "By-and-by I'll tell you where you've seen a face like it before. Just now I want to tell you a story that will interest you before I'm through," and he proceeded to roll a cigarette with every appearance of intending to stay. "Let's get comfortable here on the rock."

Smith looked at the man, and a shade of annoyance passed over his face.

"Really," he remarked, "I don't see what possible concern I can have with your story. How did you happen to know that I was out here ?"

"Saw you," said Brown laconically. "Come, be a good fellow, and sit down here. All I want to do is to tell you the story of my life. It won't take long." He looked up with an engaging smile that altered his dark face completely, and Smith, in spite of himself smiled in answer.

"All right," he said, dropping down beside the other. "Fire away."

"The first time I met that chap," said Brown, trickling a puff of smoke from the corner of his mouth, "was with Lord Roberts' column in Cabul, just after Kandahar—you remember when "Bobs" went to Afghanistan to avenge Sir Louis Kavanah ?"

"Were you in the service ?" asked Smith, as Brown paused.

"No. I was special correspondent for the New York "Trumpet", and wherever there was a scrap on top of the earth, I was in the middle of it. Lord ! I'll never forget the morning we marched into Cabul. The soldiers of the guard were drawn up at the Residency gate to meet us—and there were damn few of 'em left, let me tell you—but they saluted 'Bobs' and his staff as if they were on parade at Aldershot. This man—" and he tapped the photograph in his breast pocket—"was in command."

He paused to relight his cigarette, and glanced shrewdly at Smith's face. But there was no sign of disturbance or of recognition there. Idly he picked a

bit of dried clay from the rock-top and shied it down at a killdeer, and then stared out across the little valley absently.

"Well, that's where I got to know him. I wanted the story of the trouble at the Residency. He was the boy to tell it. I don't think he knew the meaning of fear. He's been through pretty average hot work in that row, but he told me about it as simply as if it had been a common business deal. By George ! whatever you might think of his private morals, he was a good soldier—as good as 'Fighting Mac'. We got to be quite chummy while I was there, and when I left him, he was going to Egypt to see what he could pick up in the service of the Khedive.

"I didn't see him again until I was down in South Africa, the time of the trouble with Cetewayo. When I got to the Cape, Chelmsford had made a holy mess of the show, and Wolseley had been sent out to relieve him. We were legging it up country by forced marches, when a runner came in saying that Chelmsford had got the Zulus bottled up at last, and there'd be a big battle before breakfast. Wolseley was a gentleman. He didn't butt in and cop off the victory, but sent word back to Chelmsford to go in and win. And Chelmsford did it—knocked the whole bunch of niggers galley west at Ulundi, and ended the war.

"I galloped ahead, when the news came, and got into Chelmsford's headquarters the night before the battle. First man I met was my cavalry officer, sitting on an up-ended bucket and smoking a cigarette. I was glad to find somebody I knew; and I think he was glad to see me. He was in a queer mood that night—said he had a hunch he'd have a Zulu assegai in his heart next day—and though I laughed at him, I couldn't laugh him out of it. He ended up by giving me a packet of papers addressed to his London lawyers, and this photograph here, to take care of for him in case he went out. The queer part of it was that his hunch was a good one. They brought him in with a spear-shaft sticking out of him, and bobbing with every breath."

"Did it finish him ?" asked Smith, for Brown had paused again, with that curiously intent look.

"No. His sort never die until you fire your Colt into them at point-blank range. He lived—I helped to nurse him back to life—" Brown paused again, his voice grating on the words. "Yes, I've washed him and fed him and taken his temperature when he was burning up with fever—damn him!

"Well, I kept his photograph, because I wanted something to remember him by. Besides, he'd have made good copy, and I meant to write his story up. I've never done it; and I won't, until I can write 'thirty' after the last chapter. Then—"

Reflectively he rolled another cigarette.

"Did you ever notice," he resumed, striking a match, "how strangely some things happen in this world ? How in the most unlikely places something or someone turns up when least expected? I had a pocket-knife once—a good-for-nothing affair—and I threw it on the ash-heap. Next day the ash-man brought it in and left it for me. I dropped it in the street on my way home. The office-boy had it waiting for me on my desk in the morning. I put it in the waste-basket—but I couldn't lose it. That knife came back every time because it was worthless and nobody wanted it. So it is sometimes with a man.

"In 1882 I was in the Mediterranean on board the American gunboat 'Delaware'. The commander was an old school friend of mine, and I'd been his guest for the cruise. Nothing particular was doing anywhere in the world, and I was laying off after a bout of fever I'd picked up in Maracaibo. Then, one morning, we suddenly got word of the Arab uprising at Alexandria. The Mohammedans were mad-drunk on killing, and we got orders to help the British marines to quell the outbreak. All the boys were tickled to death at the prospect of a row. We landed with a yell, and chased the black devils before us, like the swine they were, shooting and cutting them down right and left. They'd set the old town on fire, and massacred every white they could lay hands on. The

rest had barricaded themselves, and were safe till the flames reached them so we sprinted through the streets hot-foot to save whoever was left alive. We came around a corner like a crack yacht rounding a buoy, and ran plump into a bunch of the Khedive's rebel soldiers with three of their former officers stood up against a wall to be shot. They'd resisted the entire regiment until their ammunition gave out, and now they stood, three bulldogs at bay, looking into the muzzles of their own men's rifles. A red-turbaned galoot—I've always had a notion it was Arabi Pasha himself, though he didn't stay to be identified—was just about to give the word to fire when we tumbled into the square with a yell that I'll bet was heard clear to Cairo. In three minutes we'd cleaned them out—and when we got to the officers, one of 'em was the same dare-devil that had held the Residency at Cabul against those hairy Afghan brutes, and had charged Cetewayo's kraal."

Smith's eyes sparkled. "He must have been a good man," he said.

"Depends on what you call good," rejoined Brown dryly. "Anyway, he was brave. He chose to consider me his rescuer on this occasion, and as his regiment had faded into the desert, he joined us on the 'Delaware' at the commander's invitation. He'd got a bullet through his shoulder, and the chief regret he had was that it prevented him from chasing the rebels across the desert with Wolseley and polishing them off at Tel-el-Kebir. He came home with me to New York. That's three years gone."

"Three, eh ?" said Smith. Did he come to Canada recently ?"

"Two years since," said Brown. "It was my own folly, I suppose, now I look back on it. I knew him for a wild, reckless man. But I thought that a brave man could never be anything but a gentleman, if he were gently bred. I learned better. The first thing he did when I introduced him into my home, was to make love to my daughter. She refused his attentions, and shortly afterward went to England to stay with my sister, I think partly to get away from him. He told me he was going west, and shortly after I went to Bosnia on a rumor of trouble there—you know those little states are always screeching. I went on to Constantinople, and when I stopped at Liverpool on the way home, to see her, she—she was gone. Gone, I tell you—with *him*. I saw the sailing list—they hadn't even troubled to use assumed names. God! It—I couldn't believe it !" He pulled at his collar, as if it choked him, and a dark flush rose to his temples. "If I ever get him——"

"What makes you think he came this way ?" asked Smith.

"Oh, I got a tip from a newspaper man in Benton that he had been seen up here about the time of the Riel rebellion. It sounds like him—he follows trouble like a vulture carrion. I hoped to get scent of Jackson's trail in the Force, but——"

"Jackson ?" broke in Smith sharply. "Did you say his name was—Jackson?"

"Ay," said Brown absently. "Didn't I tell you ? But he'll not be called that here, it's like. Major Jackson was what he went by in the army. The last time I saw it was on the Fragonia's sailing list." He sat up suddenly, and looked at Smith with keen eyes. "You don't mean to say that you know him, after all ?"

"There's an Inspector Jackson in this outfit," said Smith steadily. "He is stationed at Pincher Creek. But, although I have no reason to take his part, nor any liking for him, I don't believe he is guilty of what you say he is. It was he, then, whom you meant when you said you'd tell me where I'd seen a face like that in the photograph ?"

"It was not," said Brown. "If I'd heard of his being in the Force before this, do you think I'd be here ?"

"What did you mean, then ?"

"Look in the glass and see for yourself," said the broncho-buster curtly, and rising to his feet, he walked away.

To be continued

In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras
Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin,
Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

Illustrated from Photographs

FIFTH PAPER

The arrival of an Indian offering us pearls, clandestinely gathered in the bay, reminded us of the abundance of this valuable jewel along this coast and especially on these shores. At the present time an English company exploits this industry under a monopoly. The centre of operations is at La Paz, but from time to time during the year they send divers and material to Sihuatanejo, where as I have said, pearls are found in the greatest abundance. This fact does not impede the intrepid Indians from frequently diving on their own account and bringing up fine bivalves containing the coveted appendix. The pearls offered to us were not of great value as, except one of good size and appearance, they were mostly defective in shape. One of our companions paid twenty-five dollars for the better one and in Mexico it was priced at three hundred. In this, one can gain an idea of the enormous profits made by a company dedicated to such an industry. We were told that not long ago a black pearl was found in the shape of a pear, which the company sold for fifty thousand francs. Along the coast of Sihuatanejo coral reefs also abound, besides tortoises. The latter are not much sought after notwithstanding the fact of the shells averaging a price of forty to fifty pesos each.

As I have already mentioned, the fisheries in general are carried on along the Costa Grande. This industry along the Costa Chica if not entirely unknown is at least greatly abandoned. One can understand this being the case as for want of rapid means of transport, only the bare necessities of the coast population is catered for, and as these people are not particularly fond of fish the consumption is very limited.

My affection for birds revived in Sihuatanejo at the sight of tame parroquets which came to poise on our shoulders and would take food from our hands. I purchased some to take to Spain, so that with their chatter I might be reminded of the incidents and delights of those trying days.

After supper, the Colonel, Ibarra and I went to the telegraph office to communicate with Acapulco and the Capital. So as to relieve Mr. Davidson from a day's ride it was suggested that he might go as far as Papanoa by water, employing for this purpose two boats which existed in the bay. Papanoa is another little harbor some few miles to the south.

The magnificent boats, I style them so, not because they warranted this denomination, but because the good desires of Ibarra made him dream of them being such, were in order and ready for the voyage but we were in want of a pilot. Bernardo Rodriguez

having offered us his services and not at that time being in possession of the corresponding license to navigate, I had to interpose my good offices with the Commandant of the Port of Acapulco who by telegraph was pleased to authorize him, providing he would not take us too far seaward.

All the American telegraphs are worked under the Morse system but the receiver is what is called a sounder, i. e., no band of paper is used, and the telegraphist has to take down everything by ear. To me it seemed as if we were merely conversing with the interpretation of the intelligent Senorita Rodriguez. The attention with which Colonel Davidson listened to the click of the instrument reminded me that in his young days he was a telegraph operator and I remembered a certain anecdote connected with him in that capacity which I think will interest my readers.

It is recounted that one day Davidson sent up a requisition for a larger supply of pencils and blotting paper than his chief thought could be necessary for the time stipulated. The said chief himself replied that they would be supplied but he marvelled at such extravagance as he made a pencil last him a whole year and that for his own good he warned him that strict economy was the basis of fortune.

It was a great temptation for this laborious and untiring man to stand there and not take hold of the key himself and he must have regretted his insufficiency in regard to the Spanish language which prevented him from so doing.

We passed the night delightfully—Ibarra and I had our beds arranged under the shed of the Port Commandant's house situate hardly twenty metres from the sea. The perfume from the pine trees, the salt atmosphere and the roll of the breakers enchanted me and took me back again to the tender memories of my childhood and to those azure shores which so inspired the poet Camprodon and the musician Arrietta when they collaborated in the production of the famous Spanish opera "Marina" which is the delight of Spaniards as well as Americans.

WE STARTED OFF AT MIDDAY UNDER A FULL SUN, AND DIRECTED OUR STEPS TO THE HACIENDA DEL COACOYUL

At daybreak I was aroused by shouts and laughter which came from the Colonel, Mr. Lukes, McBain and Lee Stark, who were glorying in the water. In a twinkling I was up and in the water with them. How delightful was

that bath! I still get enjoyment from the bare remembrance of it.

After breakfast the Colonel's orders were as follows: Lee Stark, Field, Favila and I were to make an inspection of the lands of Coyuquilla and Petatlan on horseback, and meanwhile the Colonel with the others would embark at Sihuatanejo and go by sea to Papanoa (Lands of Coyuquilla) where we should meet two days later. I was opposed to this separation but as for the tanning of our skins our spirits kept up perfectly. At times under the full influence of her rays, at others protected by the thick foliage we went on splendidly in direction to the Hacienda del Coacoyul situate about half way on the road to Petatlan, the object of our day's ride.

I confess to feeling proud at being selected by the Colonel and Mr. Lukes with the mission of inspecting the lands we were to traverse, my report

THE VILLAGE OF PETATLAN OWES ITS EXISTENCE TO A MIRACULOUS DISCOVERY NEAR ITS SITE OF AN IMAGE OF THE NAZARENE BEARING THE HOLY CROSS

one of the rank and file I obeyed the order just as it was given. It was a pity that the Colonel should have taken that route as we had at our disposal a four-wheel carriage offered by Don Amado Soberania, the coast agriculturist whom the reader will be acquainted with soon. With this vehicle Petatlan would have been reached with every comfort. As things turned out I was found to be in the right.

My group started at mid-day under a full sun. I do not know whether it was that that body had determined to respect us or whether it was luck which enabled us to frustrate her intentions. The truth is that we were soon on good terms with each other and except being attached to that of the expert, Mr. Field. It goes without saying that I set about my work with a will.

Before being a diplomatist I was, and I intend to continue to be, an agriculturist, this profession being quite a passion with me. I, an old student at the State Institute of Agriculture in Belgium, felt truly happy in contemplation of that incomparable vegetation which my masters had so often told me about, and happy in being enabled to prove the accuracy of their descriptions and the fertility of the tropics.

Lee Stark, who recently drew up the plan of the district and consequently was well acquainted with the country, took one direction, accompanied by

Field. I, with Favila who was not behind his colleague in knowledge of the soil, took another; the object of both parties being to extend our field of exploration.

We had hardly left Sihuatanejo, when I came to the conclusion that we were going to have wonderful things revealed to us, and I all the more regretted that the Colonel would not have the opportunity of seeing with his own eyes the excellence of the lands we were discovering.

After a thousand turns and returns, at about one o'clock we arrived at the Ranuebos del Coacoyul, the property of Don Fabas Mosqueda, of Morelia, widower of a rich Spanish lady whose father was first to cultivate those lands and become wealthy thereby. We very shortly came to the house of the said hacendado (owner of the property). Don Favas is the real type of the Mexican hacendado one usually meets with out in the country. Rough, although kind, he insisted upon us taking seats at his table and partaking of a true Mexican meal from which the *arrocite* (rice), the *tortillas*, the *frijolillo* and the *enchiladas*, etc., were not wanting. After taking a much required siesta we remounted our horses and proceeded on our way.

At evening I received the welcome of Don Amado Soberania, the agriculturist of Petatlan who, with his wife and family, had prepared for us a good supper and a corresponding good bed at his own house. Lee Stark and Field had arrived before us and we found them taking the fresh air at the door. I soon had the satisfaction of learning that my impressions coincided with those of Field and together we were sorry that our chief had not been permitted to enjoy our experience. The reader will see, however, that it was to be, and that he would have that opportunity, as, in spite of his intentions to the contrary, he was destined to follow with his companions in our very footsteps.

From Petatlan to Papanoa.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, perhaps at the beginning of the nineteenth, five Indians one day found the image of a Nazarene bearing the holy Cross in a ravine near the present village of Petatlan and believed that the image had appeared to them miraculously at that spot. Without taking away anything from the merits of this belief I must confess that the most probable would be to qualify the incident as a simple discovery, as the sculpture and the adornments, the latter being very similar to those of images in Spain, correspond to the school of sacred sculpture in vogue at that time so many specimens of which are to be found in the old country. Quite probably the image had been carried in a wrecked ship and the crew endeavored to save it by taking it to a neighboring village but losing their way in the forests they must have abandoned it in the ravine. Whichever the true version, to the Nazarene venerated in the Sanctuary of Petatlan does the town own its preponderance among the smaller villages we had passed through.

Actually, Petatlan has a population of from 1,000 to 1,500 and its whole extension is comprised in a large square from which four streets formed of huts and cabins diverge. A few of these huts are built of brick and a few others of small stone and lime. There is a river flowing too. The excessive heat in these parts exacts frequent bathing, hence the reason why most villages and towns are founded in the proximity of a water-way.

Petatlan possesses a telegraph office and I took advantage of it to get into communication with Ibarra, advising him of our arrival and warning him of the risk and imprudence of going by sea from Sihuatanejo to Papanoa. In this opinion I had the support of Don Amado Soberania. As Ibarra and the Colonel insisted in their resolution I had to give way but not without telegraphing that like Pontius Pilate I washed my hands of it.

The evening was passed agreeably in the company of Don Ruiz Sanchez, a Spanish merchant established at Petatlan, who had become alarmed at the news about Spain published by the Mexican press. I had the pleasure of giving him a true account of the

actual situation there; notwithstanding, he plied me with many questions like the following:

"Will civil war break out ?

"Will Canalejas be able to carry out his liberal and Democratic proposals ?

"Do you think the Republicans are likely to triumph within the near future ?"

Nothing of the kind, I observed; nothing will happen in that sense; the young King Alfonso XII. is a sovereign worthy of his times. There will be no civil war because the followers of Don Carlos or those of Don Jaime, find no favorable atmosphere in the country for that object; neither will the projects of Canalejas be so liberal as he knows full well in what waters he is navigating and how far he may or ought to go. As regards the Spanish republicans, nothing is to be feared from them; they excite the masses at meetings and popular assemblies merely to scale the ladder to certain heights to which they may be elevated by the universal suffrage of the people. Besides, unlike in past times, the government endeavors to maintain the purity of the popular vote, knowing full well that those same masses, when the occasions arise, are the first to acclaim the King because the idea of monarchy and royalty in Spain is engraved in the manner of being of every Spaniard, due to their past history, and while the army remains faithful to the chief of the nation there can be no fear and you may rest assured in regard to the fortunes of your beloved country.

I was beginning to be quite enthusiastic upon this theme and if I had not been so tired might have sat up all night discoursing in this fashion.

Early in the morning Favila and I ascended the church tower, whence I got a splendid view of the vast extensions of cultivatable land around Petatlan.

Both to Lee Stark and Favila this part of the country was perfectly familiar. Lee Stark had not long before finished the plans for the irrigation of the district on the initiative of Don Lorenzo Elegaza and Don Luis Ibarra, which project was to form the basis of the transformation of this part of the country into a colony of 10,000 hectares which had been acquired by the Federal Government for exploitation. This project was the origin of the idea of Davidson's expedition. Having examined these plans of Lee Stark I was enabled to gain a perfect idea of the situation of the new town of Petatlan, proposed by the said engineer, as also of the irrigable plains already parcelled out by him.

The moment arrived for our departure and Don Amado Soberania offered to accompany us. We could not have found a better companion. Ruiz Gimenez also escorted us to the outskirts of the neighborhood. Lee Stark and Field started out some time before. Behind us came the mules with a tent and our baggage, the rest of the equipage going with the Colonel's party, which included the cook and Flora, necessary elements for a sea voyage.

I was wishing with all my heart that at the last moment they had been prevented from embarking, as the strong hurricane during the night, together with the effects of a storm at sea, felt by us even at such a distance, made me most uneasy for their fate and I would have given anything to know that they were following in our wake by land. Unfortunately, my illusions were of short duration. We had hardly been on our way an hour when we heard the galloping of a horse behind us and soon after a messenger came into view with a telegram received at the village soon after our departure. The message was from Ibarra and conveyed the news that they had left Sihuatanejo for Papanoa by sea at five o'clock that morning. We were instructed to await them at this place but in the event of the storm obliging them to land at Potosi, a small place in the proximity of San Geronimo, we were to send there a part of the baggage and horses as a precaution. This message filled us with great anxiety and confusion. On the one hand, the mules had taken a direction different from ours, taking the shortest cut and were by now quite out of reach. On the other, it not being sure that they would land at Potosi, if we went there

it might happen that we should not meet and our assistance be required at Papanoa. With these doubts I decided to send a messenger to Potosi and employed an Indian for the purpose; this Indian being the owner of a pack of mules and living at Palmas del Cuajo, the place we were passing at that time. We told our companions that we would wait for them at Papanoa and that if they were obliged to land at any other point we would await

THE SENORITAS TENORIO OF THE VILLAGE OF TECPAN. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE BETTER CLASS OF YOUNG WOMEN

them at San Luis. Our anxiety being now somewhat allayed we proceeded on our way, engulfing ourselves in the Sierra de Soyatlan which divides the plains of Coyuquilla and Petatlan and which serves as a support to the Sierra Madre and which terminates in the sea at the cape or promontory denominated by the natives "El Calvario."

As a rule, travellers instead of entering through the Sierra, take the direction towards the sea and bordering "El Calvario" through the narrow and risky passage between the rocks and the sea, avoiding a long and tedious ascent but, as on this day the sea was rather rough and when this occurs the waves beat violently upon the cliffs by "El Calvario", thus closing the passage to the traveller, we had to desist from this route and take the road through the Sierra in search of a free passage among the defiles of "El Desecho" (The Refuse) a name, it may be said, quite appropriate as even this appellation was too good for such an awful tract of country with its narrow mountain paths and extremely rough ground; but without great difficulty we managed to get through all right.

I would now solicit the patience and permission of the reader for a short dissertation upon the lands we were at that moment traversing and which may some day become the seat of a powerful colony, the fame of which may spread to the farthest corners of America and Europe.

When the illustrious Genovese made known to the world his wonderful discovery; when he went from court to court seeking for protection and insisting upon the existence of a new continent, he was treated as a madman and without the abnegation of the Catholic Sovereigns of Castilla and Leon this brave and wonderful man might have gone to his grave without realizing his marvellous projects.

When in a more reduced sphere the Licenciado Don Luis Ibarra of Mexico, propagated, with the support of our friends Bond and Lee Stark, the idea of creating a colony with the 10,000 hectares of irrigable land at their disposal in Coyuquilla and Petatlan, he did not come out from the ordeal much better treated than Christopher Columbus, was considered to be mad, and was the object of criticism inherent to every one who with his progressive and great ideas rises superior and eventually overcomes every difficulty put in his way against the realization of his proposals.

Ibarra was well acquainted with these parts, having passed his infancy there; he conceived the idea of colonizing them; he submitted his project to

the approval of Bond and Lee Stark who immediately proceeded to the study of it; they drew up the plan of what we may style as conquered lands; they projected the works of irrigation and the planting of the new towns to be established; they thought out the system of roadways for exporting the agricultural products from the colony; they negotiated with a North-American syndicate and with the Mexican Government for protection, and for moral and material assistance had recourse to the superior criterion of the eminent Canadian colonizer, Mr. Davidson, and even influenced this gentleman to visit the country. In a few words they brought the scheme to such a point that if not a real creation it has become at least a material fact and on a fair way to realization with a corresponding extension of incommensurable territories the fertilizing and productive conditions of which we were making a study.

I am not one of those to be easily led away by appearances, but, for many reasons and with a long period of practical experience of agricultural matters, I pride myself on being able to see clear in all questions related to the soil. After this observation, and at the risk of my own reputation, I do not hesitate to declare that I have never seen greater natural wealth. When, on soil where neither the use of the plough, nor the employment of fertilizers, nor proper system of sowing, are known, plants like cotton, maize, and sesame are cultivated without the assistance of any other implement than the machete of the Indian; and a minimum profit of 300 pesos per hectare is obtained, it is not venturesome to affirm that, with other tropical cultures now impossible owing to the difficulties of gathering the products in proper conditions; with modern machinery and proper sowing; the production would not only be duplicated but quintiplicated. But let us return to the reality of the moment and continue the thread of our interrupted narration.

Ruiz Sanchez having left us and accompanied by Don Amado Soberania, Favila and I continued our march with our faithful servant Galan and his untiring son following, the latter a worthy type of resistance and precocity rarely to be found among those of his race. We had now left the Sierra de Soyatlan and penetrated into sylvan plains where the *cayaco* abounds as the principal plant. *Cayaco* is one of a variety of palms giving a kind of nut which, hanging in thick clusters, is coveted by the natives for the oil extracted from it. For several hours

GIRLS OF THE PEOPLE AT PETATLAN—PRETTY AND COQUETTISH, UNDER THEIR GAY SCARFS

we rode through *cayacales* (plantations of cayaco) very frequently having to stop and send on our guides and servants to open up a pathway through the undergrowth with their machetes, arriving at about noon at the Rancho del Coyacal where Favila and Soberania assured me we should find a good breakfast and good welcome. As along the whole coast, the arrival of Favila at Coyacal was hailed with glee.

"How are you getting on, Reina ?" he cried to a robust, handsome young woman, mistress of the ranch, who on hearing the neighing of our horses, appeared at the door.

"You here again, Senor ingeniero?" she replied, as she approached and held the bridles of our horses. Nothing prettier could be imagined than that rough homestead constructed of rushes and canes with a roof of palms, a faithful memento of primitive ages when all the necessities of life were found in nature. Its interior, on the other hand, revealed the progress of the times: the first thing that caught my eye was a fine sewing machine.

Eggs, pullets, *tortillas*, *enchilados*, and to my great glee some nice lamb chops were soon placed upon a snow-white cloth and as soon devoured by us. A cup of excellent coffee followed and even liqueur was offered to better help our digestion of such a succulent repast. Truly Favila and Soberania had not been exaggerating, for Dona Reina, really the queen of that sylvan glade, treated us even better than I could have expected although knowing her excellent reputation.

I had just thrown myself into a hammock when I was roused by the sound of voices, and from among the brushwood I heard a malediction which must have been emitted by Lee Stark, who at that moment appeared, manifestly annoyed at having missed a fine specimen of puma which we could now see escaping in the distance. It was some hours before Lee Stark could get over his disappointment. In the wake of the engineer came Field and the servants, one of these leading the horse of Lee Stark, who had dismounted and in search of big game had penetrated into the forest as was his custom.

After our friends had rested a while and repaired their strength with the same good things as we had just done, we, together this time, proceeded on our way.

I had a better mount this day as the deficient animal I had to endure right up to Petatlan had been exchanged for a fine bay mule which Dona Ines, a rich Indian lady of Petatlan, had kindly placed at my disposal. This welcome change made the day's journey more pleasant, as with a good trot and long pace Dona Ines' mule was a great success.

The beneficial shade of the Coyacal continued to protect us for a long time and on leaving this district we had displayed to our view the lands of Coyuquilla and the coast, the panorama of which latter extended as far as Papanoa where next day we should await the arrival of the other part of the expedition.

Through Arroyo Seco we came out on to the plain, and as the sun was setting we whipped up our animals to avoid being caught at night in such a wild region. It was almost dark when we arrived at the river, Coyuquilla, which we had to wade. The current was very strong and the water pretty deep. I allowed everyone to pass over before me, some of the animals having to swim, and when my turn came, I noticed that I had Galan's boy behind me. "Go on, my brave boy," I cried to him, at the same time retroceding to allow him to pass. He whipped up his pack and entered the river but, whether it was that the animal was not strong enough to fight against the current or that the boy could not govern him properly, the fact is that half way across both horse and rider were carried down the stream and for a moment I feared they would perish together. My cries attracted the attention of those already on the other side; the father immediately grasped the situation and spurring his horse rushed into the water and at the risk of his life swam towards his son and soon had the satisfaction of bringing him safely to land with his horse.

The baggage mules had not come up yet, and calculating that in crossing our packages and bags were likely to get a good wetting. I decided to await them and see them safely over. I did well in so deciding as, besides superintending the safe passage which was effected by the Indians carrying the loads on their shoulders, I was able to save more than one poor mule from a certain death. It may be that this humanitarian act of mine will get to the ears of some society for the pro-

tection of animals and deserve for me a reward. For my part I was proud to have been the means of saving the life of an animal, be it a donkey, horse or mule.

I now thought of overtaking my companions and started into a gallop after them into the narrow path I had seen them enter. The night was closing in. It was pitch dark when I passed by the village of Coyuquilla whose inhabitants showed me the way

A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY ALONG THE COYUQUILLA RIVER

my friends had gone, but in a few minutes the darkness was so intense that I could distinguish no path whatever and my poor mule hesitated at every step. I must confess to passing a bad time. I even began to fear that I should have no other remedy than to spend the night in the open. I had lost my way completely. Instinctively I looked to my revolver, prepared my rug and looked about for a leafy tree or thick trunk under which to recline until daylight when I should be able to take my bearings. The sound of hoofs and the prompt appearance of the good Galan raised my spirits. I was not so much alarmed at the prospect of passing a bad night as for the disquietude of my friends who had really become uneasy about me. Carefully picking my way just behind Galan, we arrived at a rivulet near Papanoa where they had pitched a tent.

Favila, Soberania and I ordered our camp-beds to be mounted under one of the sheds of the ranch and after a frugal supper we were soon asleep fairly tired out.

The wind began to blow like a hurricane and the storm was not long in breaking over us. Luckily it did not last very long but when it ceased we could still hear the tempest raging seaward. From time to time the report of cannon came upon our ears as if at no great distance from us. The next day I learnt the cause of what appeared to be a phenomenon at that time of the night, and in the next chapter the reader will have his curiosity satisfied in regard to this strange event.

From Papanoa to San Luis.

It was hardly daybreak when Mr. Field aroused the men who had passed the night at the Arroyo de Papanoa and gave orders for an immediate start to be made in the direction of the harbor where we hoped to meet our chief and other companions. The

Canadian showed manifest anxiety and the nearer we got to the proposed rendezvous, the greater were his fears in regard to their safety. I must admit that I quite shared his anxiety.

We went along at a good pace through forests and in the same manner as yesterday, with the Indians opening up the way through the thickets with their machetes. There were moments when great difficulty was experienced in getting through without having to dismount. The vegetation predominated in cocoa-nut trees, *cayacos* and royal palm-trees with the wide palms from which latter the Indians form the roof of their huts. We at last reached more open country and were gratified to meet an intrepid old lady who, mounted on a spirited horse notwithstanding her advanced age, was coming in our direction.

"Dona Paquita," exclaimed Favila on recognizing her, "what are you doing here ?"

"I've passed the whole night on the beach," replied the white-haired old lady, who was wearing an old wide-brimmed straw hat placed on her head quite coquettishly. "I've been waiting there for Senor Ibarra with whom, as you know, I have some business to treat. He telegraphed me to San Luis where I live, requesting me to be here with the object of becoming acquainted and conferring with the Canadian gentleman. In view of their non-arrival and there being no trace of any sailing-vessel out at sea, I resolved to return home, tired of waiting."

The lady in question was no other than Dona Paquita Galeana, the proprietress of all the territory around, and who, like us, was interested in the safe arrival of the navigators, although she was not so alarmed as we were at their delay. Our fears were perhaps greater on being informed by her that the sea had been exceedingly rough during the past night. After exchanging impressions we separated and in about half an hour we came to the bea ch.

Papanoa possesses a shore open towards the north and slightly protected to the south owing to a hill which extends about half a kilometre into the sea. At a small cost a small port could be constructed for the shipment of fruits in small craft to be later transhipped into bigger boats at Sihuatenajo.

On the Papanoa beach there exists but a kind of shed formed of branches and canes which some time ago was built for the refuge of the wood-cutters who used to work in that locality in felling the fine wood trees so abundant there. Dona Paquita Galeana had passed the night under its roof. We also made use of it to obtain some protection from the hot sun and scanned the horizon for any trace of the desired embarkation. There was nobody about to give us any more information and from what Dona Paquita had told us we were certain that our friends had not arrived and gone ahead of us as might have been the case. The situation was becoming more alarming at every moment. The weather was now fine but the sea was sufficiently rough to make one fear that the frail craft piloted by Bernardo Rodriguez were still battling with the waves at some point, unable to reach the shore. It was imperative to take some determination and Mr. Field was not long in making a proposition. According to him, we should continue our journey to San Luis de la Loma, where is the nearest telegraph station, leaving at Papanoa a few horses and mules to await during the whole day the arrival of the strayed party. If at evening time there were still no signs of them the watchers would go and pass the night at a village on the way to San Luis and there await orders the next day. We from San Luis would communicate with Petatlan and Sihuatanejo where we expected they would know something of the fate of our companions.

Before making a start, Lee Stark and I took a sea bath and we all breakfasted. As we were mounting our horses, our attention was attracted to some lamentations which emanated from inside the shed and there we found the Indian Detancour with an attack of fever. We administered to him the necessary dose of quinine and

told him to stay there until the evening.

I had written a letter to Ibarra, explaining our plans and remembering the resources of Robinson Crusoe on the desert island, I placed it in one of the openings of the shed in such a conspicuous position that I was sure of it being found by him if they passed that way. Our only hope was that they might have been forced to land at Potosi and had proceeded to San Geronimo and Petatlan, assisted by it already contains and the reflux of the wave produces such a report that for a long distance away it sounds like a cannon discharge and at times even a series of such discharges. The noise at times can be heard over a distance of fifty miles inland. As a rule, the storms coincide with the beginning and the end of the rainy season and the coastal inhabitants foretell the proximity or the termination of this season by the cannon reports of the *Talcoy-*

CROSSING A RIVER NEAR SAN GERONIMO. THERE ARE NO BRIDGES, AND THE TRAVELER IS MADE BY THE SIMPLEST AND RUDEST MEANS

the mules which the muleteer of Salinas del Cuajo had arranged to send them if necessary.

Engulfing ourselves again for several hours in unexplored forests, we at last came to a main road and resolutely got into a long trot in the direction of San Luis. On our way we passed by the famous Piedra del Mar (Sea stone): the *Talcoyunque* or *Boca que brama* (The Roaring Rock) according to the coastal Indians. On approaching it Favila remarked, "There you have the cannon which went off last night." He then explained that we were actually passing over a cavern which, having its entrance facing the sea, received the waves in such a way that the water penetrating with great force into the great cave compress that which

unque. My curiosity regarding the reason for these noises was not satisfied and I regretted that our haste to arrive at San Luis impeded me from examining this strange cave as was my desire. I could realize also what influence such a phenomenon must exercise upon the Indians as a rule insufficiently intelligent for grasping the physical reasons of the marvel.

I also during this march became acquainted with the *coacoyul*, a new plant for me, which produces a kind of very tasty dates, a plant I had not yet seen notwithstanding the fact of having passed through the Hacienda which takes its name on account of the superabundance of this fruit. The *timbiriches* and the *pinuelos*, the latter overweighted with fruit, gave a beautiful

aspect to a great part of our journey. Now and again the road became so wide as to allow of the passage of the vehicle. It was the ancient and lengthy road, which through the coastal forests the Spaniards had opened up to communicate the fort of Acapulco with the ancient Valladolid passing through Santiago Facatula, the situation of which at the mouth of the Balsas river, the reader is already familiar with.

After stopping for a few minutes at Cuadrilla del Tamarindo where we left instructions for the mule pack which should pass the night there, we proceeded on our way, arriving at Trapiche at three p. m. This is a small ranch not far now from San Luis and here I admired a lovely tulip tree of great dimensions and with an abundance of flowers, which the Indians hold in the greatest esteem and protect by means of railings all round.

Under the sheds of the huts we could observe lovely girls of the creole type, and even pure Indian, in the scantiest of dress, rocking in hammocks, and leisurely fanning themselves with big palm-leaves. Several naked boys and girls approached us, offering fresh water for sale.

To be continued

TO A MASHER

BY THOMAS A. DALY

YE'VE grand style, a bould smile an' gold an' lands galore,
An' O! but ye're the divvil of a wild philanderer!
Sure, I longed to whisper warnin' in the ear o' Nora Moore
When ye passed her Sunda' mornin' an' ye tipped your hat to her.
But I'm thinkin' yer winkin' an' the rollin' o' yer eye
Made about the same impression that a word o' mine could do,
Fur my eye was full upon her at the minyit ye went by—
Och! I'd hate to have her look at me the way she looked at you!

She has fair eyes, but quare eyes; they're never twice the same.
I never knew it rightly till I seen 'em in the dark—
Well, of course, the dark was broken by the match's little flame
Fur the pipe that I was smokin'—while we sthrolled about the park,
An' not watchin' the match in the hollow o' me hand,
Sure, it burned me so badly she couldn't help but see;
Then it was I saw her two eyes, an' O! but they were grand—
Och! I'd hate to have her look at you the way she looked at me!

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

TURN O' THE YEAR

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As were babies all;
He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.
—Old Carol.

OLD WINTER, who since last we saw his hoary face, seems to have left his ghost to wander with us, wet and chill, through the summer and fall, is here again with his short days and long nights. The fields are bare, the skeleton trees rattle in the wind, and even the houses have a wintry look, for all the heat and merry fires within. The world, until its white mantle of snow covers its barrenness, looks naked and desolate. There is no song of bird abroad. Old Hairy Woodpecker is snug and warm in his bachelor quarters deep in the heart of the tree, careless as to the fate of his hapless wife and children. The chicadees creep through the naked woods, chattering as they go, and there is no trilling robin to cheer us with his joyous strains as there is in old England, no holly bushes laden with scarlet berries, no mistletoe growing on apple or hawthorn tree. The sedges by the marsh rattle in the wintry wind, and the rushes, dry and yellow now, join them in shrill gossiping over the slowly freezing water of the inland pools which all through summer resounded with the call of the red-shouldered blackbird, and the plaintive cry of the little brown coot.

But the bright days of winter! What summer day crowned with its roses can exceed them in loveliness and buoyancy? The keen frosty air but brings a more brilliant tinge to the cheek, and a glow that reaches the very heart. In summer, when their rich, deep branches dropping over the road afforded us a grateful shade from the burning eyes of the sun, the trees were not more beautiful than now when their sprays and boughs cross and interlace in fairy pattern, through which, as we look up, we can see the vivid blue of the sky. Even more beautiful are they when, laden with snow, long icicles drop from them in diamond fringe, and each bare twig is covered with what looks like soft moss or velvet. In the very heart of winter we can feel the hope which thrills old Nature there under the snow. Unlike the autumn, when Nature is resting and taking her holiday, in a riot of scarlet and purple and gold, we know that under the snow she is at work upon her new creation—that in that warm bosom lies the seed that will presently

stir and take life and knock under the earth to be let out into the April sunshine. The little first pale flowers of spring are down there in the big heart of old Earth, protected by the deep life-giving snow with its warmth and moisture. The May blossoms are there and the small low-growing humble daisies and all the lovely plants and flowers that make our Canadian woods and gardens so beautiful in the early spring and summer.

PEOPLE SAY THAT IT WAS CHARLES DICKENS WHO INVENTED CHRISTMAS WITH OLD SCROOGE

As with ourselves, they but sleep to bloom again, as we poor human weeds or blossoms hope to bloom one day in those Gardens Eternal, where there is no winter and no need for either protecting snows or refreshing rains.

ONCE AGAIN

EVERY year the wings on which fly the months seem to gain fresh activities and move more swiftly. No sooner are the Christmas festivities over than here we are again looking into our purses and considering the measure of our Christmas giving.

Once upon a time the Christmas gift *was* a gift. It was informed with real love and real friendship. It meant something. But as with other nice things, we have changed all that. The happy custom has become shop-worn and tattered—like wedding gifts. Friendship has become a loose relation, and to give to so-called friends—they are for the most part but mere acquaintances really—you have to practise galling economies for months before. Now, the gift which compels grinding economy is no gift at all. It carries with it neither love nor affection, but very frequently some measure of grudging dislike. The whole business of Christmas giving has become false and tawdry—and rather vulgar. Without love, a gift is not worth the paper in which it is wrapped. Moreover, giving should be confined among families, the children and near and close friends. All our other Christmas giving should be to those who are in need of help to make the birthday of the Christ a happy day for His poor.

SAINT NICHOLAS

PEOPLE say that it was Charles Dickens who invented Christmas. He assuredly left us the happiest thoughts about it, but long before that kindly and loving pen of his gave us the

beautiful Christmas Carol, there was one called Saint Nicholas taking care of Tiny Tims and little Cratchitts generally, about Christmas time. Ever since he lived, the world has been taking advantage of a casual circumstance in the life of the Saint, to strap a pack on his back and send him poking his glorious way down chimneys on Christmas Eve.

It appears that Saint Nicholas happened once to rescue three little children about to be sold as slaves, and fed and clothed them, having first put them into a tub and scrubbed them well. He did not do this on any particular eve of any day—just did it out of hand as an example for all good nurses to follow, but it was enough to make him the patron of all children from that day to this.

The real Saint Nicholas—he lives in France—pays all the children a visit about three weeks before Christmas—and a very good custom it is—exhibits his wares, and drops a tiny gift—foretaste of greater things—into the stocking the small rogue hangs up on St. Nicholas Eve. Then he slips away—not to reappear till Christmas or the New Year. In days long before Tiny Tim was born, the children used to scoff at St. Nicholas, just as they do now at poor, over-advertised Santa Claus. It was all "stuff and nonsense" the older children told the younger. "There is no St. Nicholas at all, only Daddy or Mother." You see, the world wags very much the same, one century with another, and there is everywhere a doubting Thomas. St. Nicholas has sharp ears, and detests this sort of incredulity. So he leaves the stockings of doubting little boys and girls empty whether he is known under the name of Nicholas or Santa.

AND CARRIES WITH IT FREQUENTLY SOME MEASURE OF DISLIKE

. . . . . .

NOT A MYTH.

THERE is a Santa Claus. He is a fact, not merely a name. And he is a whole faith or creed in himself You cannot see him come down the chimney, nor fly by in an aeroplane, nor hear his reindeer bells with your mortal senses—these being of dim vision and not keyed to sights immortal. But Santa Claus is, all the same. He lives and comes at Christmastide, because "Faith is the substance of things hoped-for"—and is there a child within the compass of the Seven Seas and all the world, who is not born with this divine faith in his little breast? And would you rob the children? And at this time of all others when they are celebrating the birthday of the Child whose story yet thrills all the world? What!—deny Santa Claus, who is part of the Christ Child spirit! What will you offer to the children instead? Cut-and-dried little maxims without one crumb of heart interest in them! Without one hint of joy, or loving, or mystery! Don't you know that to the children some symbol is necessary, if it be but the fairy man the old women tell the little creatures of, over the turf-fire in Ireland, or the fine legend of the

Christmas Doll who wore every pair of shoes out with dancing, and lost all her pearly teeth because she never would stop laughing. How often I looked for the happy creature when I was little! Behind ricks of turf and stacks of hay I sought her on bleak rainy Christmas Eves. To dance all my life, and be laughing always! That seemed then the *summum bonum* of life—to be dancing and laughing always, no matter if all the shoes in the world wore out, and there was never a tooth left in one's cranium!

But I was long past childhood when I found the Doll—the gospel of cheerfulness—the dancing and the laughter.

There are good mothers everywhere who in this scientific and advanced age deprecate the idea of allowing the children to entertain such a "myth" as Santa Claus. You will hear such women say, "I cannot tell my children there is such a person as Santa Claus when I know there is not." Dear women, one way out is to tell the small people that there is a Saint Nicholas, because there really was such a person, and he tubbed and scrubbed three dirty little boys until they shone as new pins, and because, too, it doesn't matter a wisp of straw to Santy whether you call him Nick or not, as long as you don't put "Old" before it.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," as wise old Will hath it.

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MORE ABOUT THE BAHAI.

The following interesting letter has been received by me:

ERIE, B. C.

Dear "Kit":

The "Pedlar's Pack" has given me so much pleasure and help that I look upon you as a real friend. You must forgive me then if I presume a little on our friendship and call your attention to one remark in your last month's pack which does not, for a wonder, bear the hall-mark of truth.

You classify the Bahai movement with the various cults from the East that have come to this continent to collect money. As a Bahai I feel this to be a great injustice. The Bahai movement is no cult, it is a vast spiritual awakening in the world's history. The leader of the movement seeks no money from anyone, neither does he sanction the quest of money among his followers. The Nashrak-el-Askar now in contemplation has no financial objects in view. It is an expression of spiritual unity between all who love the Lord, whether the Lord be called by one Name or another. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, of New York, thus describes the movement: "The attempt is not made to convert anyone from his own religion to another; the Jew remains a Jew; the Christian remains a Christian; and the Buddhist remains a Buddhist; but the Jew becomes a better Jew, the Christian a better Christian, and the Buddhist a better Buddhist. It has no ritual, no creed. It lays down love as the greatest thing in the world."

For years I was closely connected with foreign mission work and I have known intimately many missionaries and discussed their difficulties with them. I think that, when they understand the Bahai teaching, their work will become easier and more effective—they will rely more on living faith and less on collections, and a wave of true vital religion will sweep round the world. It is because I believe this after earnest and prayerful investigation, that I do not want you to prejudice any of your readers against the Bahai movement. The movement is surely from God. It must, therefore, "prosper in that whereunto He sent it." We may not, however, stand in its way, even unconsciously, without losing a blessing.

God bless you, dear Kit, and unfold to your bright sunny spirit all the beauty of His greatness and glory, which are so far beyond what human unaided heart and brain can grasp.

Yours, with best wishes,

(MRS.) MARIELLA LADD.

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PANDORA TO-DAY.

ARTHUR STRINGER, in the November Smart Set, treats us to an able essay on what he is pleased to call "barbarous" woman.

Very fortunately he names us—for you, Miladi, are included in this summing up of female barbarity under the hopeful cognomen, "Pandora," the first mortal female that ever lived, according to the poet Hesiod. She was made of clay, to be sure, but the Gods were good to her. They gave her gifts of beauty, fascination—that elusive thing known as charm—as well as music, eloquence and many splendid jewels. Her very name Pan-dora—signifies that she had received every necessary gift. But best of all they gave her, in the bottom of her priceless box, the marvellous gift of Hope, which has buoyed up the world ever since.

I must confess that when Mr. Stringer is finished with her, Pandora, with all her gifts, seems to have lost some of her attractiveness. She is, according to the gifted Canadian writer's thinking, the same Eternal

Feminine she was in the beginning, save that many winds have played upon her, and civilization has had its joke out with her.

We are all "sisters under our skins". Mr. Stringer bears witness that the very "newest New Woman who ever carried a banner and cooled her heels in Holloway" (a dark thrust at the Suffragette, this) "is a sister under her skin to the shaggiest cave woman who ever scraped a bear hide." The modern Pandora is, however, sleek of skin—well-massaged, and groomed and perfumed, and beautifully made up. But it is the same old skin under it all. We are just as savage to-day in our fine furs, our bird-laden hats, our ropes of pearls, our false hair and paint and powder, as ever was man's helpmate the days when she fell tooth and claw on the red meat brought in by the hunter, her lover.

PANDORA LAVISHES HER ENDEARMENTS ON THE POMERANIAN OR THE PERSIAN

We are, Mr. Stringer tells us, less obvious in our methods. Pandora is the "show animal of the race." She is quite as cruel and can scratch as deeply as before the pretty manicurist set up her tent among the abodes of men. The suffragette is but "the cave woman screaming for her rights" and Pandora weeping in the playhouse over the imaginary woes of "fictitious lovers" is the modern woman, childless, emotional, too much petted, too well off, too feted and admired and—crying for the moon.

Altogether, under the penetrating search-light which Mr. Stringer has flashed upon her, we find Pandora a distinctly selfish individual. She is averse from maternity and its duties, though she cannot still the voice of the mother which, at one time or another, cries in the breast of every woman. Instead, Pandora lavishes her endearments on the dog or the cat—the Pomeranian or the Persian. "What she loves without knowing it," Mr. Stringer tells us, "is the littleness of infancy." She has to lavish this superabundance of affection, with which, thank God, women are so splendidly dowered, on something, small and living and—since it is not a child—something furry for choice. Poor Pandora! With all the beauty and grace with which the gods endowed her, she is a piteous spectacle, nursing her poodle or Pomeranian, while we common mothers know the joy of holding in arms that palpitate

with love the precious burden of a little child.

Woman's barbarity is mainly shown in matters of dress and adornment; in the rage for furs, for the breast plumage of mating birds; for the pearls men secure at peril of their lives; for all the

"FAIN, I REMEMBER NOW. I BURNT IT WITH THE RUBBISH AT THE BUT OF THE GARDEN. WAS IT ANNYTHING IN PARTICULAR, MA'AM?"

foolish splendour and passing show that women grasp at—the mere shadows for which they let the substance of life pass by them. For what joy may beauty and splendour and what Stringer calls "the embroidery of life" bring when both the heart and the cradle are empty?

THE GLASTONBURY THORN.

On Christmas Eve (new style), 1753, a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn, but to their great disappointment there was no appearance of its blowing, which made them watch it narrowly the fifth of January, the Christmas Day (old style), when it blowed as usual.—London Evening Post, 1753.

THE famous Somerset thorn bush is evidently a believer in the proper dates of occurrences, according to the above testimony, which also appears in the Gentleman's Magazine of the same year. The legend that it sprang from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea when that holy man was climbing Weary-all-Hill (Werrall Hill), and that it burst into flower every Christmas-tide, was believed by many until recently, and is still believed by not a few; but the original thorn was so cut and hacked by travellers that but a chopped trunk remained on which was grafted—according to an old authority —"divers other thorns". True it is, however, that after the Crucifixion of Our Saviour, Joseph of Arimathea left the East, and landed on British shores not far from the old cathedral town of Glastonbury, at a spot where there was an oak planted in his memory, called the Oak of Avalon. Joseph and his companions, says the beautiful legend, marched thence to a hill near the town and there, being weary, rested themselves; which gave the hill the name of Weary-all-Hill. Saint Joseph stuck therein his stick—a dry hawthorn stick which grew, and constantly "blowed" and budded upon Christmas Day.

Three years ago the writer made one of a band of happy pilgrims going about —as never pilgrims went before—in motors throughout England's loveliest shires, Devon, Gloucester and Somerset, and upon one fine September day they found themselves climbing Weary-all-Hill, on the top of which stood the Miraculous Thorn. The Mayor of Glastonbury was good enough to give the scribe a branch of the Holy Bush, which is now forbidden to the touch of tourists, and is indeed guarded about. It was a sturdy bit of thorn—bare but not sapless, and sacredly was it carried across the gray Atlantic to find a home in Canada. It was kept in a vase of water in a quiet up-stairs room, and as Christmas approached it was watched with jealous care in hope of seeing one

white Christmas star shining upon it.

One day it vanished. In consternation we sought it everywhere.

"Did you happen to notice a stick in a vase of water in the little room?" we at last asked the good woman who was joyfully turning things upside down in a grand Christmas house-cleaning and furbishing. She was a new hand, unused to the ways of our modest little household.

"I did, indeed," she said, "it was a withered ould thing so I made away with it."

"Where did you put it?" we asked in dismay.

"In the garbage barrel," said the good creature.

We rushed garbage-wards. It was not in that degraded receptacle.

Then the murder came out.

"No, I didn't," called out Mrs. McGrath, "faix I remember now, I burnt it with the rubbish at the fut of the garden. Was it annything in particular, ma'am?"

But we were speechless.

. . . . . .

"FOR EVEN THE LEAST OF THESE"

WE HAVE travelled together throughout the year, you and I, reader, and have come to the end of the chapter of the months, and to the greatest feast of all the year. Every December comes Christmas with its brave spirit of generosity and charity, its brotherhood love which for once is awakened in every heart, to brighten the darkest and shortest days. I wish you a merry feast of it. When you reach a helping hand to some who are lonely and poor and wandering, do it in such a gracious and tender, and kindly way as will make no poor brother conscious of his poverty. And make some little child the happier for you at Christmas.

The contrast between poverty and wealth is never more sharply outlind than at this time when the shops are a-glitter with good things to eat and to play with, and some poor mother, looking from the flashing windows of the store to the wan but eager face of the little child beside her, wonders at the awful inequality of social conditions which permits the children of the wealthy to have toys to weary of, while the little creatures among the poor have not even a penny doll or a toy wagon.

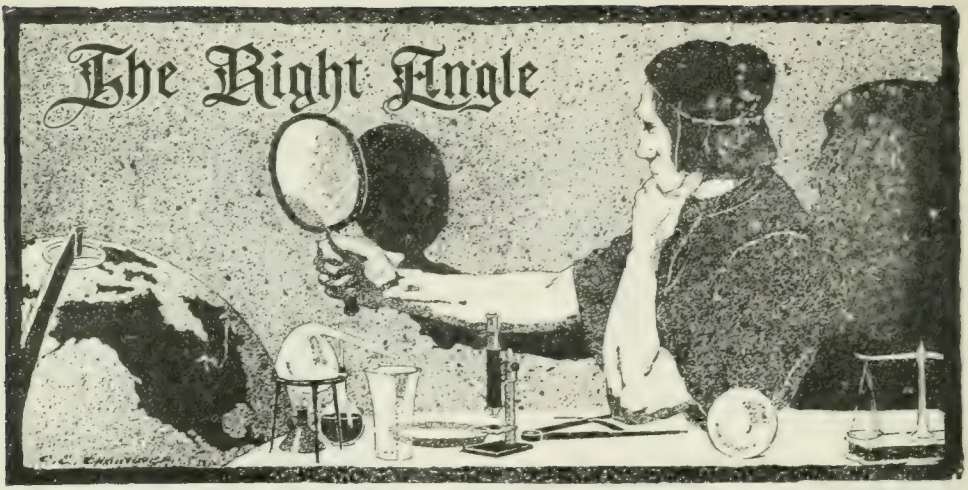
If you make Christmas happy for one of these—then you will have a glorious and a merry feast of it—and what more can a poor Pedlar wish you?

CHRISTMAS WISHES

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

FRAIL scrap of paper, printed, black and white,
A breath may blow, a finger rend apart;
Yet it will touch your hand to-morrow night,
And, winged, bear upon it all my heart.

Frail words that chink a moment on the air,
And fade to silence, stirring not a breath;
Yet "love" and "merry Christmas" will outwear
A thousand thousand gifts, and laugh at death.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL its readers, far and near, CANADA MONTHLY wishes a merry Christmas. Maybe some of you are at home, among your family, with laughter and candles and a froth of tissue and ribbons all over the parlor floor—but one more good wish is not too many. Maybe some of you are carrying a letter from home in your pocket, and feeling it heavy over your heart, while you trudge home along the city street to your boarding-house turkey that is somehow flavorless and dry. Here's to you—laying the foundation-stones of success. Maybe some of you are alone in a ten by fourteen shack, wondering if the bacon and the tea will last over the winter, and if you'll have money enough to buy seed wheat come spring. Here's a message of cheer and courage, to endure, and help make Canada a great nation. Wherever you are, and whoever you may be—red or white, good or bad, happy or hungry—here's Merry Christmas, and our hand on it.

TWO NEW BOOKS

CANADIAN books are not many, as yet—we are too busy carving out our destiny to pen reflections often about it—and such as there are show plainly the signs of having been made in the midst of action. They ring of the plough and the mill. They are keenly conscious of Canada's growth and her future. It is as if they were written at the edge of the boiling crucible, by hands that in a moment would drop the pen to take up the tools of their trade. We are all optimists; all advertisers; and all busy trying to keep up with the swift increase of the country we are talking about.

A volume of verse, "Canadian Heart Songs," has come to our desk—a slim little blue volume with Charles Wesley McCrossan's name on its cover—and the songs are songs of development, of patriotism, of the future. A typical verse is the opening stanza of "O Canada, Fair Canada":

> O Canada, fair Canada!
> With endless fields of waving grain;
> With gold that mining cannot drain;
> With mighty forests unexplored;
> With wealth of empires in thee stored;
> Thou glorious nation now full grown,
> What wondrous future is thine own!

It is as if the country were too great for us to express, too big and powerful and full of resources for us to prison its spirit on a sheet of eight by eleven paper, with a penful of ink. The volume is full of these national poems, with a sprinkling of lighter verse on more common poetical themes, and a long religious poem entitled, "The Coronation of Jesus Christ". It is illustrated with reproductions of photographs representing for the most part Canadian scenes; and with some drawings in color. (William Briggs Co., Toronto.)

Another, instead of looking into the future, looks into the past, but with the same idea of development. It is a brief and direct account of the life of Sir

Isaac Brock, by T. G. Marquis, whom CANADA MONTHLY'S readers will remember as the author of "The King's Wish" and other stories published in the pages of this magazine. He says, "In the public mind, General James Wolfe is usually thought of as peculiarly the hero of Canada. But that brave warrior spent only a few months in the country, and during his stay thought merely of driving the French from North America. He took no interest in the country for itself, and never dreamt of making Canada his home. Brock, on the other hand, made Canada his country by adoption, and for ten years, with but one short holiday, he lived within its borders. . . . . In many ways, he was the greatest maker of the Canadian nation." The narrative of his life bears Mr. Marquis out in this rather broad statement. A soldier and a gentleman—a far-sighted empire-builder as well—he is well worth Chief Tecumseh's summary of his character when, turning to his warriors, he said, "This is a man!" (Morang & Co., Toronto.)

THE FIRST HOLLY

THERE is always a swift novelty about the first sign of the changing season—the morning when you note the first tasselling catkins on the hang-dog city tree at the corner, when you feel the hot summer sun through your coat on your shoulder-blades, or glimpse the first flash of August golden-rod that signals the coming of fall. The florists' shops along the crowded pavements have been ablaze with tousle-headed chrysanthemums this long while—white and gold, lilac and maroon—and one had dropped into the belief that Indian summer would last forever. To-day, rounding the corner hastily, we almost fell over a box of glossy holly running over on the sidewalk—and with a start we realized that winter was upon us.

We hadn't gone a block before we realized how unobservant we had been. There were children on the street, prattling about Santy. There were busy shoppers with lists firmly held. The air had a sharp, spicy tang to it, and where the new skyscraper was going up at the corner, spidery iron floor after floor, the structural steel men were gathered for warmth about a riveter's glowing forge.

All day we worked with a sense of something impending—something that the year was holding in reserve for us with an air of one who says, "Now will you have the left hand or the right?" And as we came out into the lamp-lit evening street, we saw first a bright-eyed girl with a spray of holly in her coat, laughing up into the face of a laughing lad; and second a flake of snow that fluttered down and melted on our coat-lapel. The first holly had come into its own.

THERE'S NEVER ANOTHER ROSE FOR THEE

BY LOUISE UPHAM BROOKS

WEE little, brown little, done little bee,
There's never another rose for thee;
Never another drowsy sup
From the pale lilies' fragrant cup;
Did you fall from the dusky tulip-tree,
In your bumbling, tumbling, riotous glee,
Wee honey-drunk sailor, before the wind,
For the sweets before, leaving sweets behind,
Wee little, dear little, done little bee,
There's never another rose for thee.

LOCATION WANTED

"IN THIS great and glorious country of ours," exclaimed the political orator, "there is no North, no South, no East, no West."

"No wonder we don't know where we are at," came a querulous voice from the outskirts of the crowd.

INSOLVENT

"AND," asks the referee in bankruptcy, after the lady has given, as best she may, a list of her debts, "is this all you owe?"

The fair one bites her lips and thinks hard for a moment, then answers:

"I owe party calls to almost everybody in town, judge. Must I put them down, also?"

GET READY

DO YOUR Christmas shopping early, list your uncles, aunts and cousins and go forth and do your shopping for the presents by the dozens; get the slippers for the preacher and the paper weight or blotter for the teacher who is fretting with your small boy or your daughter.

Ask the salesman to advise you and observe him wildly grapple for costly inspiration while he gulps his adam's apple; get your husband something useful, that both of you may enjoy it—say a doormat made of iron, so he cannot destroy it.

Do your Christmas shopping early, but while doing it remember that you'll still be buying presents in the last week of December, and that hubby will be grouchy and life hardly worth the living while he makes a wild oration on the Higher Cost of Living.

WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

"DO you know," says the young man, "I either dreamed that I proposed to you last night, or else I did propose."

"And cannot you remember whether it was a dream or reality?" asks the beauteous creature.

"For the life of me I cannot."

"Well, you did."

"I did! And you—did you accept me, or reject me?"

"You must try to remember. If I accepted you, of course you may kiss me. If I rejected you, you must bid me good-bye at once."

HANDING HIM THE DRUM

THE clock had just struck midnight. The little parlor was dimly, almost religiously, lighted. Being young, they shied at the darkness, and sat close.

The portieres parted, and her father strode across the room. Silently he handed to Alwin a tiny drum, which the young man dazedly accepted. Turning to Angelica, Alwin inquired,

"Now, what does he mean?"

"Why Allie," she answered, "don't you know? He wants you to beat it."